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WITH THE WILD MEN OF BORNEO

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WILD MEN OF BORNEO (MURUTS)

WITH THE

WILD MEN

OF BORNEO

by

ELIZABETH MERSHON

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Introduction

Borneo lies almost exactly under the equator, and is one of the larger islands in the great East Indian Archipelago. It is 830 miles long and 600 miles wide. The size of this island may be appreciated by a comparison of its area with that of a part of Great Britain. It is roughly five times as large as England and Wales.

Little is known of the early history of Borneo, although European navigators and traders touched its shores about the year 1511, in search of the riches of the East. The Portuguese were the first to establish commercial relations with the island; and during the sixteenth century, Spanish traders tried, with some success, to obtain a share of this profitable commerce.

The formation of the Dutch and British East India companies destroyed the monopoly so long enjoyed by the earlier traders, with the Dutch taking the lead throughout the Malay Archipelago.

The rich cargoes of the trading vessels offered great temptations to the unprincipled natives of Borneo and adjacent islands; and piracy became such a menace to the lives and property of the European traders, that efforts were made to stamp out the nefarious business.

One of the British expeditions under Sir James Brooke, in 1838, was very successful in suppressing piracy, and gained for the British considerable prestige with the natives of Borneo. This aggravated

the rivalry between the Dutch and the British in their efforts to control the trade, and not until 1891 were the boundaries of British and Dutch Borneo finally defined. The north and west coasts are now under British rule, and in these districts the most successful missionary efforts have been conducted. The work of Pastor Mershon and his capable wife in British Borneo shows what the gospel can accomplish in changing the hearts and lives of such unpromising people as are found in these far-off regions.

This little book is sent out with the assurance that it will do its part in stimulating the reader's interest in the great work now going forward—"The Gospel to All the World in This Generation."

THE PUBLISHERS.

Contents

Chapter		Page
1.	En Route to Borneo	13
2.	The History of Borneo	25
3.	The People of Borneo	33
4.	The Sago Palm	51
5.	Edible Birds' Nests	57
6.	A Trip to the Foothills of Kinabalu	61
7.	A Narrow Escape	73
8.	Encounters with Thieves	77
9.	A Snake Story	83
10.	A Night in a Fishing Village	89
11.	A Visit to a Rubber Estate	95
12.	Traveling in Borneo	103
13.	Varied Experiences	115
14.	Sacrificing for Missions	125

Illustrations

Wild Men of Borneo (Frontispiece) 2
Mission Home at Sandakan 12
Durian Fruit 18
Mount Kinabalu 21
Church at Labuan Island 23
Map of Borneo 24
Mr. and Mrs. Mershon and Native Workers 26
Huts of Natives Near Sandakan 29
A Jungle Vine in Sarawak 31
Native House, East Coast 32
Dyaks in Native Costume 34
Tamu (Native Fair) 35
Orang-utans 37
Dusun House, West Coast 39
Dusun Women Pounding Rice 41
Dusun Girls, West Coast 43
Dusun Wedding Group, Bride in Center 45
Bajaus (Sea Gypsies) 46
Orang Sungei (River Men) 47
Muruts, West Coast 49
Cutting Sago 53
Crude Sago Factory 54
Hauling Sago 55
Map Showing Trip to Rubber Estate 63
Native Village, Brunei 65
A Native Sailing Boat 66
Planting Paddy (Rice), West Coast 68
General Workers, British North Borneo Mission 72
A Home in the Jungle 76
Dusun Children 82
Brownie, Protector from Thieves and Snakes 85
On the Lawn of the Mission Home 88
Padas River, West Coast 90
Brunei Fishing Village 92
A Grove of Rubber Trees 94
Tapping Rubber (Old Method) 96
Tapping Rubber (Modern Method) 97
Coagulating Tanks 99
Rubber Seeds and Seedling 101
Flower of the Rubber Tree 101
At the Pier, Jesselton 102
Mrs. Mershon and Native Girl Workers 107
A Native Boat 108
Crocodile, East Coast 110
A Sago Palm 111
Church Members, Sandakan, September, 1919 114
Wong Sisters 117
Boys' School, Sandakan 119
Native Boys, East Coast 121
Baptism at Gaya Bay, Jesselton 123
Pan Loi Yin 124

MISSION HOME AT SANDAKAN

CHAPTER I

En Route to Borneo

BORNEO! What does the name suggest to your minds? The first thing probably is the "wild man from Borneo." From my childhood days until I arrived in Borneo, all I knew about the country was that it was where the wild men lived, and I always imagined that they spent most of their time running around the island cutting off people's heads. Strange to say, even to this day, many people have the same idea. Before you finish reading what I am going to tell you about distant Borneo and its people, I hope you will have learned that the "wild man from Borneo" is not such a bad fellow after all.

Some years ago, the Mission Board invited me to go to China. Gladly answering the call, I was asked to lend a helping hand to the Singapore Mission for a few months before proceeding to China. While here, I was asked to go to Borneo, and it was not long after this that I found myself on the way to the country of the "wild man."

The steamship "Rajah of Sarawak" was advertised to leave Singapore for Borneo at twelve noon. My husband and I, accompanied by Brother and Sister Munson, missionaries in Singapore, called rickshas to take us down to the pier. Perhaps some of you do not know what a ricksha is. This is a short name for the jinrikisha, a high, two-

wheeled cart pulled by a man. Some of these carts are just wide enough for one person to sit in; others are a little wider, and sometimes two or three natives can squeeze into one of them and appear to be comfortable.

Our baggage had been sent on board ship the day before. Arriving at the pier, we called a sampan (a small native boat), and, depositing ourselves with our "handgrips" in it, we were rowed to the "Rajah," which was anchored out in the bay. The Chinese boatmen stand up in their boats and row with their oars crossed. To the Western mind, this appears strange; but the Chinese, having rowed this way for generations, are able to make their boats glide rapidly through the water, and handle them very skillfully. Our boatman grunted occasionally, to let us know how hard he was working. This is a habit the Chinese have of working on the sympathies of the unwary passenger, to get a few cents above the regular fare. We boarded the ship, and chatted with Brother and Sister Munson until the order "All ashore" was given. Then we bade farewell to our friends, and saw them safely down the gangway. Soon the anchor was pulled up, and we began to move.

Singapore is called the "hub of the East," which means that practically all the trade of the East passes through this port. Ships from all over the world call here. As our ship steamed her way between the large number of ships at anchor in the bay, we recognized the flags of the United States, England, Australia, France, Holland, Greece, China,

Japan, Sarawak, Siam, Sweden, and British North Borneo. In about an hour's time, we had left them all behind us, and passing the Horsborough Lighthouse, we were in the South China Sea. Our boat was small and the waves were high, so we retired early. The next morning, we bravely faced the breakfast table. The table was fastened on the deck at the stern, but somehow the rocking of the ship and the vibration of the propeller did not help us to retain our food. However, by tiffin (midday luncheon), we were back at the table; and from that time, we were good sailors.

The second day out, we saw two waterspouts coming directly in front of us. As they came nearer, the captain changed the course of the ship, and the waterspouts passed to the side. No doubt, on a windy day, you have seen dust on the street whirl round and round, rising higher and higher; narrow at the bottom, and growing larger at the top, somewhat in appearance like a funnel. A waterspout looks just about the same, only much larger and higher; and the water, continually rising, is lost in the clouds. When some one asked the captain what would have happened if he had not altered the course of the ship, he said that probably the lifeboats would have been carried away, the tarpaulin ripped to pieces, and we should all have enjoyed a huge shower bath.

The same day, we passed the Anambas, a group of islands belonging to the Dutch; and during the night, we passed through the Natuna Islands, another Dutch possession. On the morning of the

fourth day, we arrived at Miri, an oil town in Sarawak. The government of Sarawak does not permit passengers to land, but we could see the town in the distance. There seemed to be a number of oil wells on the hills, a few houses and Chinese shops lower down in the town. Two lighters laden with lumber were towed to the side of the ship; and when the lumber had been swung over the side of the ship and put in our hold, we pulled anchor and started off again.

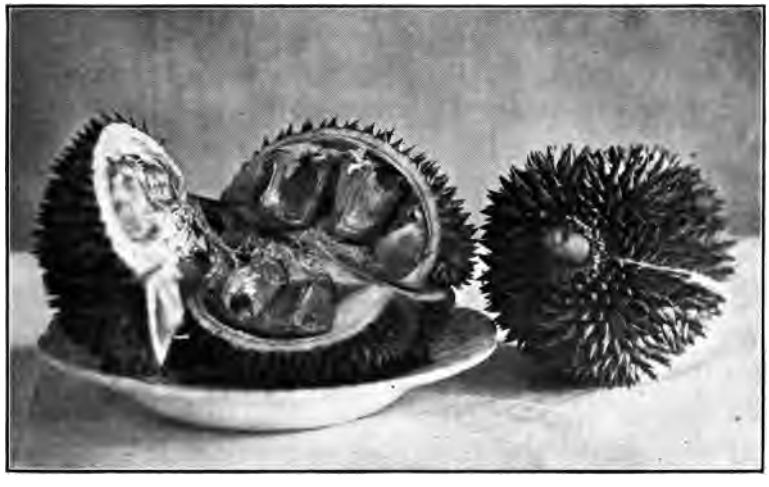
Late that night, we anchored near Labuan, an island off the west coast of Borneo. This is owned by England and is governed from Singapore. The word "Labuan" means anchorage. When the "Rajah" pulled up to the wharf early the next morning, we were able to get a fairly good view of the town. After breakfast, we strolled through the main street to see the sights. Such a funny little place! If I had not known it was Labuan, I should have said it belonged to China. A row of Chinese shops lined one side of the street. A few warehouses, and a market, in which fruit and vegetables were being sold by Chinese, were on the other side. Lower down, we saw a courthouse with a post office combined; and still lower down, police barracks. These, with a few houses behind the shops, made up the town. We saw few natives. On the street, little Chinese girls and boys were playing; and later in the morning, we heard the children singing their lessons at the Chinese school. On the seashore near the wharf, natives were breaking the shells of coconuts, and putting the kernels in the sun to dry.

At ten o'clock, we pulled out again, headed for British North Borneo. Soon after tiffin, we saw Mount Kinabalu, a well-known landmark of North Borneo. It is 13,700 feet in height, and is considered to be one of the highest mountains in the East. About six in the evening, we reached Gaya Island. Rounding the point, and passing between this and Sapangar Island, we steamed into the bay, and saw the town of Jesselton nestling at the foot of the hills. It was well lighted with electricity. The signal was given the captain to anchor at the wharf. As soon as the gangway was placed in position, we went on shore. Mr. Mershon had already spent several years in Borneo, but everything was new to me. I could see nothing of the "wild man"; just a few peaceable looking Chinese and a few Malays. We visited the home of our Chinese evangelist, Tsen En Fook; and after a pleasant chat, we returned to the boat to sleep.

The next day, we walked through the town, and I got my first impression of what goes to make up a town in Borneo. I think I am safe in saying that a coastal town in Borneo consists of a club, a hotel, a few government offices, a jail, police barracks, a fish and general market, a hospital, lawn tennis and football grounds, and a number of Chinese stores. While walking through the market, I was surprised to see a crowd of Chinese and natives scuffling and yelling. Noticing a tall Sikh (Indian) policeman in the midst of them, I thought perhaps he was trying to arrest some one. Imagine my surprise to find out, when the noise was over, that this was the way

to buy fish. The fisherman empties his bag on the floor, and his customers have to fight for what they want.

In the market, we saw chickens, ducks, and pork for sale. Of vegetables, there were sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes — about the size of marbles — egg-plant, cucumbers, turnips, bean sprouts, and tapioca



DURIAN FRUIT

roots. Pineapples and bananas were in abundance. Mangoes, papayas, oranges, and other tropical fruits were fairly plentiful. One fruit in particular did not seem to be very plentiful, and that was the durian. I had heard much about this fruit, and was anxious to taste it. Some one had told me that it had the odor of a dirty drain. It surely has a peculiar odor, but I could not associate it with a drain; in fact, it rather fascinated me. On tasting the fruit, I found that I wanted more. I really

could not describe the taste to you, and I do not believe anyone else could do so either; at least, I have never heard it described properly. All I can say is, that to me, it is like the odor of decayed onions, chloroform, and sweet custard. You will think this is a strange description, but I cannot give a more exact one. The natives say that if a man cannot eat durian and enjoy it, he is not fitted for the tropics. They think this is a good way of finding out whether a European will endure the trying climate.

Our boat left again at twelve noon. As we passed between Gaya and Sapangar islands, we saw Mount Kinabalu outlined against the deep blue sky. A few cloudlets rested near the top. Sometimes the top is entirely hidden by clouds; at other times, the whole mountain is hidden. For hours, we kept the mountain in sight; and when we passed Usakan — a small cattle town on the coast, and the nearest town by which to reach Kinabalu on the west coast — we saw it in all its beauty. The captain let us have his telescope to obtain a good look at it; and as the sun was shining directly on its western side, we were able to see the rugged rocks with huge seams running in every direction. Some explorers say the summit of the mountain is two miles in length; others say it is from four to five miles. The summit is said to consist of granite. Here and there it is crossed by belts of white rock; and below the granite is found a hard kind of shale and greenstone.

At eleven o'clock the same night, we reached Kudat, a small town on Marudu Bay. This is the

most northerly town in Borneo. At one time, Kudat was the capital of British North Borneo. In fact, it was the first capital. Then it was the port of call for large steamers. At the present time, the Straits Steamship Company's boats, running from Singapore to Sandakan, and the small coastal steamers, are the only ones touching at this point. Kudat is the home of the Kudat chair, well known in the East for its durability and comfort. When we went ashore the next morning, we saw Chinese men and women sitting in the street selling eggs, chickens, fruit, and vegetables. In the market on the seashore, we saw pork, fish, chickens, ducks, fruit, and vegetables exposed for sale. It did not take us long to see the town. We purchased some custard apples and returned to the "Rajah" to enjoy them.

At six o'clock in the morning, we were on the move again. Mount Kinabalu was visible to the south, and looked beautiful as the sun rose. About twelve miles from the entrance to Marudu Bay, we passed two islands, Balambangan and Banguey. The former is forty square miles in extent; and the latter, one hundred sixty-seven square miles. The passage between Banguey and Borneo is called Banguey South Channel. Passing through this channel, we saw numerous islands, the largest of which is Mallawalli. Between this and Borneo is a very dangerous channel called the Mallawalli Channel. The waters are studded with reefs, and captains never attempt to sail their ships through this channel at night. Looking over the sides of the boat, we could see coral reefs close to the surface of

MOUNT KINABALU

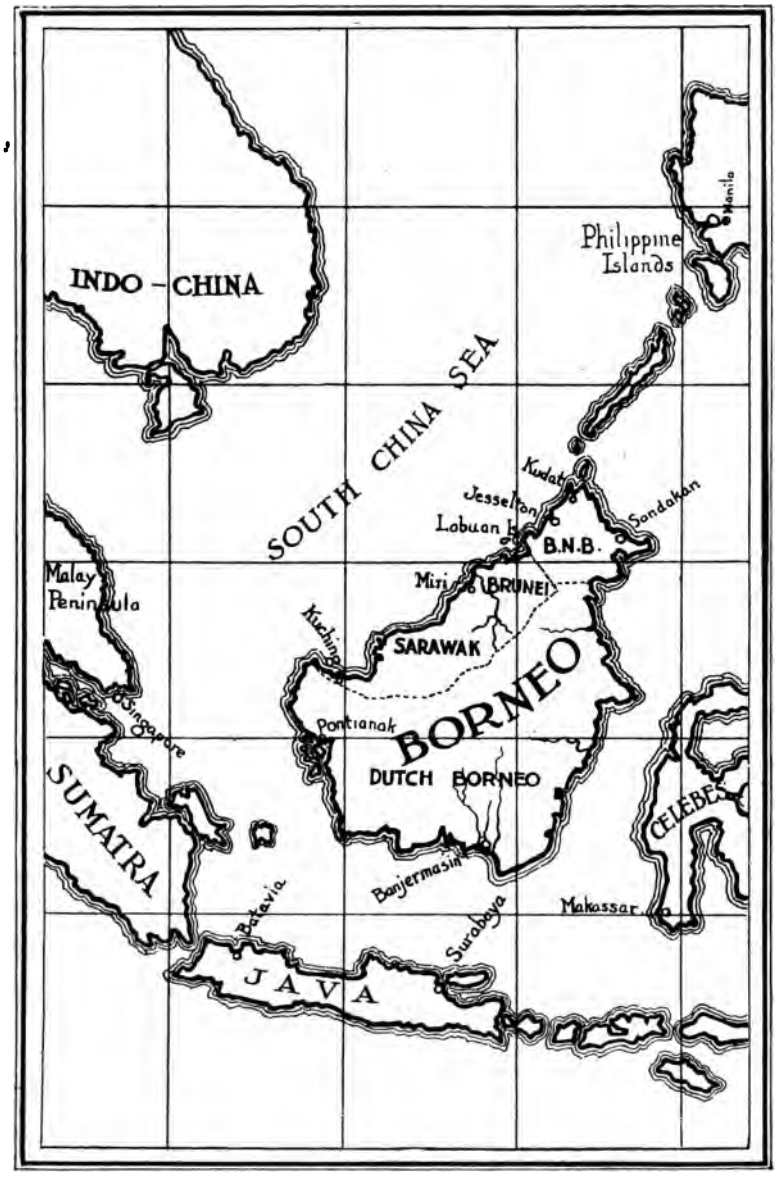
the water. The captain changed the course of the ship every few minutes. The government has placed beacons in the water at several points, to guide seamen through the channel. Nearly all the boats on this run have at various times gone aground on these reefs.

The captain directed our attention to a bay that is scarcely noticeable to the ordinary traveler. In the olden days, pirates used to wait here for the wealth-laden ships that sailed these waters. On we passed, zigzagging among islands and reefs. After leaving the channel, our next point of interest was a large bay, nineteen miles wide, called Labuk Bay. Sailing on twenty miles southwest, we reached the magnificent harbor of Sandakan. When we had sailed for another three quarters of an hour, we dropped anchor in midstream. All we could see of the town was a few rows of kerosene lamps. We were up early the next morning, and I was very much interested to see what Sandakan looked like. Rows of Chinese shops built over the water greeted my eyes; and above, on the hills, I could see white houses occupied by Europeans. The harbor of Sandakan is about fifteen miles long, and five miles is its greatest width. The only danger to be encountered in entering the harbor is a small rock, known as "Atjeh Rock," which is located fourteen feet below the water. It is marked with a small white buoy.

At eight o'clock, we called a sampan to take us ashore. This was manned by two Chinese women. One sat in the stern sculling with a long oar; the

other used a small oar in the bow. We were not long in getting ashore. We climbed the steps to the pier; and passing through the customs, we realized we were in Sandakan—mission headquarters. Chinese and Malays were lounging on the sides of the road, curiously gazing at the *mem bharu* (new mistress) walking by the side of the *tuan padre* (minister). Calling a coolie to carry our hand baggage, we walked up the hill to the mission house; and thus began my life in the country of the "wild man."

CHURCH AT LABUAN



MAP OF BORNEO

CHAPTER II

The History of Borneo

IF you will turn to your school map of Asia, you will see a group of islands stretching from the Philippines to Australia. New Guinea, to the northeast of Australia, is the largest, not only of the group, but of the world. Borneo ranks next in size, and its area is more than 285,000 square miles. Now turn to your geography and add up the areas of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. You will find that the total area lacks about 800 square miles of equaling the area of Borneo. Let us consider it a little differently. Take the areas of Uncle Sam's island possessions, the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico, Guam, and Tutuila, Samoa. The combined area is much less than half the area of Borneo.

At the present time, the average person knows little or nothing of Borneo; yet, as far back as the sixteenth century, the possession of it was a bone of contention with Portugal, Spain, Holland, and England. The Portuguese landed in 1520. You will remember that in the year 1498, Vasco da Gama, a Portuguese navigator, made his great voyage around the Cape which opened up India to the Western powers. Probably you know that the desire to find the spice-growing countries led to this discovery.

After Columbus discovered the New World, Pope Alexander VI, to save trouble between the Portuguese and the Spanish, made a line of demarcation from pole to pole, giving the Spanish all lands west of the line, and the Portuguese the lands on the east. The Portuguese and the Spaniards entered into a treaty, and agreed not to trespass on each other's

MR. AND MRS. MERSHON AND NATIVE WORKERS

territory. According to this, the Spanish were not able to sail to the Eastern Archipelago by way of the Cape, so they had to find a passage by way of the lands discovered by Columbus. In 1519, a Portuguese navigator named Magellan started out with a small fleet to find the "Spice Islands" in the interests of Spain. He succeeded in finding a passage to the Eastern Archipelago by way of what is now called the Magellan Strait. Sailing eastward, he discovered the Philippine Islands. In 1521, the Spaniards landed in Borneo. The island was in a

most flourishing condition at that time. Large numbers of Chinese were settled on its coasts, and an immense trade was carried on with China. Each season, many Chinese junks visited the island in search of spices, edible birds' nests, and precious stones.

About 1598, the Dutch began to stretch their hands over the island. The English were rather slow in following the example of their commercial rivals. While they realized to a certain extent the abundant wealth of the Eastern Archipelago, they did not really wake up to do anything serious until a Portuguese galleon from the Indies was wrecked on the southern shore of England. The ship was only 1,600 tons burden; but when it was searched, its cargo was found to be worth £150,000, or $750,000. Interest was awakened. English merchants got together and formed companies, and largely and successfully prevented Portugal, Spain, and Holland from monopolizing the spice trade of the East. Each power had in turn claimed the Eastern Archipelago. In 1599, a company of English merchants was formed; and Queen Elizabeth granted them a charter, which permitted them, "at their own costs and charges," to make voyages to the East Indies, and be one company named the "Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading in the East Indies."

In 1602, the Dutch companies formed one big company, calling it the "Netherlands and East India Company." Shares were sold in Europe, and the attention of all was centered on the spice trade of

the East. This really proved to be the turning point of the commerce of the Western Hemisphere. The Dutch succeeded in driving out the Portuguese; and the Spaniards were finally forced to retire, by the combined efforts of Holland and England. Now the field was open to the two powers; and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, both struggled hard for supremacy.

The main object of the early comers to Borneo seems to have been to make as much out of it as possible. All recognized it as a good country to colonize; but no steps were taken in this direction until 1877, when a small company of Englishmen made overtures to the sultans of Brunei and Sulu —native rulers of Borneo—for this purpose. After the expenditure of much time and money, there was granted to them by the sultan of Brunei in 1877, and by the sultan of Sulu in 1878, that part of the island now known as British North Borneo, including all islands within nine miles of the mainland. In 1881, the British government, recognizing the patriotism of the association, and its untiring efforts to colonize in Borneo, confirmed this grant by royal charter, bestowing upon them the right to call themselves the "British North Borneo Company," and also granting the right to make and execute their own laws. Great Britain does not assume any control over the government; but in case of a foreign invasion, she agrees to protect the territory. Thus British North Borneo is called a protectorate.

This action on the part of the British government naturally stirred up trouble with Spain and Hol-

HUTS OF NATIVES NEAR SANDAKAN

land. Each claimed the island as its own, and opposed the grant of the charter as an "encroachment and a violation of treaties with native rulers." The rajah of Sarawak also opposed it. After a number of years of negotiations, in 1892 the last claimant, Holland, agreed to fixing the boundaries as they now stand between Dutch and British Borneo.

The sultanate of Brunei, once so large and prosperous, has dwindled to almost nothing. When the Portuguese and the Spanish first landed, Brunei was at the height of its splendor. The town, once boasting of 25,000 houses, consists of less than 3,000. The Chinese junks, which once crowded her harbors to carry on extensive trade, are seen no more in her waters. The courts of the princes were known for their magnificence. All this has vanished. To the greed of the Dutch has this decline been attributed. They demanded the goods for which the natives had obtained fabulous prices from China in the past, and gave small payment in return. The natives, realizing that their income was cut off, turned to piracy and harassed the seas. The sultan is now a ruler by courtesy, and his income consists mainly of the rents collected from the British.

The kingdom of Sarawak was created by the sultan of Brunei in 1841, for James Brooke, as a reward for services rendered in ridding the country of the pirates that infested the coast. Sarawak is still governed by a member of the same family.

The portion of the island belonging to Holland has not made any material progress, the Dutch con-

fining themselves to the coast, exploiting the oil wells on the east and south sides. A well-known Dutch writer has said, "Dutch Borneo is still the least known, the least submissive, one of the least civilized, and perhaps the least profitable, because the least exploited, of all the Dutch colonial possessions."

A JUNGLE VINE IN SARAWAK

NATIVE HOUSE, EAST COAST

CHAPTER III

The People of Borneo

IT is not really known just how many people are living in Borneo. While it is not difficult to ascertain the number of people living on the coast, it is very hard to find out the number living in the heart of the country. Two thirds of the island belongs to Holland, and it is estimated that there are two million people in that portion. You perhaps will wonder how an estimate is made. The people living within a certain area are counted, and the whole of the country is judged from that.

It is supposed that the Dyaks number a little less than one million. In addition to these, there are about half a million Chinese, three thousands Arabs, fourteen hundred Europeans, and a few Malays and Javanese. The Europeans are mostly government officials, or have charge of oil wells or rubber estates. The Malays are natives of the Malay States, and the Javanese come from Java.

The Dyaks are the real natives of Borneo. They are found scattered throughout Dutch Borneo and Sarawak. The Dyaks living on the coast are lighter in color than those living in the jungle. Possibly the sea air and sunlight have something to do with this. The Dyaks living in various parts of Borneo appear to have different habits and customs, and this led to the belief that there was more than one race of

people living there. Now it is believed that they all belong to one race, the difference in locality having altered the habits and customs of the people.

The Dyak, in spite of all the wild tales one hears about him, is not such a bad fellow after all. Of course, it is true that he takes the heads of his

DYAKS IN NATIVE COSTUME

enemies when he is on the warpath; but in some ways, he is not much worse than many so-called civilized people. He knows nothing of the gospel, and has not had the advantages that we in civilized countries have. At home, he is cheerful and very hospitable, kind to his wife and children, and is re-

TAMU (NATIVE FAIR)

garded as the head of the house. He is well built and has regular features, and his brown face is rather taking in spite of his flat nose and large lips. He is dreadfully lazy, and does not hesitate to tell a lie to shield himself or to make himself seem important. When he feels that he has been offended, he is very quick to resent it.

A Dyak child is a happy little creature. Sometimes the little girls have to work very hard, but they do not seem to mind it. When a young couple want to be married, they get some one to act as a go-between for them. This person has to visit the parents, and does all the talking until the marriage is arranged. The future son-in-law always has to make a present to his future parents-in-law, even though they may oppose the marriage. When the young folks are about fourteen years of age, they are allowed to choose for themselves; but they nearly always allow themselves to be guided by their parents.

The Dyak in the north believes in spirits. To him, everything is haunted, trees especially. He believes that when spirits leave their dwelling places, sickness follows. Certain gifts are made to the spirits to induce them to return. Death is believed to be the result if they do not.

A Dyak, in order to become a chief or to get married, must bring to the chiefs of the village one or more heads taken from some neighboring tribe. The object of procuring heads is not so much to prove one's bravery as is often thought. The main idea seems to be to obtain the soul of the dead man

ORANG-UTANS

to protect the killer and his village. The heads are thoroughly dried, then cleaned, and decorated with flowers. In some places, the Dyaks have a tattooed mark on the arm for each head taken. When feasts are held, the choicest bits of food are offered to the heads, in order to induce their souls to be on friendly terms with the tribe by which the heads have been taken.

The Dyak woman wears a short skirt and vest made of cotton cloth or bark; and the man wears a girdle or loin cloth. Both sexes wear bracelets of bamboo or rattan fiber threaded with brass rings. Sometimes the woman wears a girdle extending from under the arms to the hips, and perhaps a collar too. Men and women wear long hair twisted into a knot. A man wears a piece of cloth fixed like a turban on the head; the women wear rattan hats.

Some of the tribes have the whole of their bodies tattooed, according to their standing in social affairs. The teeth are black from the long continued use of tobacco and the chewing of betel nut. Their food is very simple, and consists of rice, sago, bamboo shoots, fruits and vegetables, and fish both fresh and dried. Nature is kind to the native in supplying him so bountifully with food. The houses are made of wood, and are built up high on piles, and surrounded by fruit trees, sugar cane, and betel palms. Usually the houses are very long, and contain the whole of the village. These houses are divided into compartments, one for each family. Every village has a communal house, where all the

DUSUN HOUSE, WEST COAST

public functions are held. The unmarried men use this as a dormitory.

There are two classes of Dyaks. Those living inland are called Land Dyaks; those living on the coast are called Sea Dyaks. The Sea Dyaks are not as pure a race as the Land Dyaks, having intermarried with the Bugis from Makassar, in the Celebes. In disposition, the Sea Dyak is very amiable and hospitable. When a stranger comes to visit him, a mat is spread on the floor, and the guest is invited to sit down. Food is offered to him; betel nut and tobacco also are handed to him. The Sea Dyak, unlike the Land Dyak, is truthful and fairly honest. When living near a town, he wears coat and trousers, like civilized folks. His house is built of split palm trees or bamboo, thatched with palm leaves. As with the Land Dyak, as many as fifty of these people will live in one long house, which has a porch on the side, and a door leading from each compartment to the porch. Each compartment consists of one room, which serves as kitchen, dining room, and bedroom.

As soon as a baby is born, the father waves a fowl over it, then takes the fowl outside and kills it. Then it is cooked, and eaten by the parents and any friends who may happen to be there. This is supposed to bring good luck to the child. Sometimes the child is not named until it is about seven or eight years of age. Until then, it is known by a pet name. The Sea Dyak is fond of his children, and treats them very kindly. They in turn are fond of their parents. It is seldom that children are chas-

DUSUN WOMEN POUNDING RICE

tised for being naughty. As they grow older, one would think they would be hard to manage on account of being spoiled in childhood; but they do what their parents require of them. When a boy reaches the age of ten, he proudly goes to work with his father, and helps him all he can. The little girl helps her mother cook and wash, and works like a little woman.

The population of British North Borneo is very scanty, and large areas in the interior and on the east coast are not inhabited. The west coast is more thickly populated. The shortage on the east coast is the direct result of piracy and head-hunting in the olden days. In the interior and on the west coast are found the Dusuns, or Sun Dyaks, the main tribe of British North Borneo. This tribe is divided up into many tribes and sections, including the Roongas, the Kooroories, the Umpoolooms, the Saga Sagas, the Tunbunwhas, the Tingaras, and the Roomanows. The Dusun *darat* (far interior) is little better than a savage. Nearer the coast, the Dusun is more civilized, both in his way of dressing and in his manners. Nobody seems to know much about the Dusuns, and as yet, no satisfactory account has been written of them, or of the Dyaks either. The Dyaks are considered as the aboriginals of Borneo, yet they resemble the Chinese in many ways. The Dusuns also seem to be half Chinese. While it is difficult to find out just how much the Dusuns owe their ancestry to the Chinese, it is still more difficult to tell, in some instances, which are Dusuns and which are Dyaks proper. Many of

the Dusuns in the interior wear the *chawat*, and the women use brass bracelets and girdles, as do the Dyaks. Both Dyaks and the Dusuns have a fondness for old jars; and the Dusuns have had the cus-

DUSUN GIRLS, WEST COAST

tom of head-hunting, like the Dyaks. The methods used by the Dusuns in tilling the ground are far superior to those used by other natives of Borneo, and it is thought that this is due to the influence of the Chinese.

The general idea is that long ago, when the Chinese junks came to Borneo in search of spices and

birds' nests, many Chinese sailors and traders married women of the country and settled down, thus mixing, by degrees, the Chinese and the native blood. They brought many of their customs, which remain to this day. The Chinese language, which was probably too hard for the native to acquire, was not adopted, the Chinese using the native language instead.

The Dusuns are very superstitious, and are guided in all things by omens and dreams. If a man starting out on a journey happens to see a certain bird flying to the left, he returns home, and starts out again the next day. If the bird flies to the right, he continues his journey without fear. A man starting on a journey may leave undone something he would have liked to do, such as chewing his *sirih* (betel nut, lime, and pepper leaves), or smoking a cigarette. If a scorpion stings him, or some other mishap befalls him, he says at once that it is because he left home without satisfying his desire. When a piece of jungle is cleared for a rice field, a few trees are left standing for the spirits to rest in, lest they should be angry and curse the crop.

The Dusuns love dancing. During abundant harvests, they dance all night, night after night, in every village. The men together and the women together holding hands, they form rings and circle around and around in a slow, monotonous way, singing or chanting. The tribes on the coast live in separate houses, with a few families in each house. In the interior, the long house is used, and accommodates twenty or more families. This is raised off

the ground on long poles. The space under the house is occupied by chickens and goats. A notched pole is used as steps, and the native does not find it difficult to mount this with his naked toes. The Dusuns are a quiet people. The word "Dusun" means "garden" or "orchard." They are fond of

DUSUN WEDDING GROUP, BRIDE IN CENTER

working their gardens, and seem to shun associating with other races and tribes. In fact, it is thought that this shyness is what drove them back into the hills. Under the British North Borneo Company's influence, all bloodthirsty tendencies have been abandoned by them, and they show every symptom of thriving under a firm government.

On the east coast of British North Borneo are found the Bajaus, or Sea Gypsies. They are a lazy, irresponsible race, building their houses over the

water, but living almost entirely in their boats. They are of Malay origin, although much darker and larger than the Malays. Taking each day as it comes, and never troubling about what is going to happen to-morrow, they pick up a scanty living along the seashore, catching fish, and finding turtles'

BAJAUS (SEA GYPSIES)

eggs, clams, and sea slugs. They lead a wild, roving life in the open air, plundering and robbing at every opportunity. It was a subdivision of this tribe which infested the seas from Makassar, Batavia, and Singapore, in the south, to Manila in the north, in the days when the old Spanish galleons sailed to the East Indies in search of the riches of the East. One of their strongholds was in San-

ORANG SUNGEI (RIVER MEN)

dakan Bay, and it is said that there are some people now living in Sandakan who are descendants of those who were kidnaped from distant parts and sold in the old times. The last pirate raid along the coast of Borneo was in 1879, when sixty-five persons were murdered or carried off. Since the British government took control, piracy has completely stopped.

The weapons used by the Bajaus are a long knife, a spear, a round shield, and a long, light lance made of bamboo, with a sharp wooden spike on the end. This is called a *tumbleloosow*. The Bajaus can hurl this from fifty to sixty yards. Naturally lazy and unruly, the Bajaus do not trouble to make things, as other natives do, although they make their own clothes. The men and the women wear wide trousers made of brightly colored cloth. Over these is worn the *sarong* (skirt). Strange to say, many of these *sarongs* are of Scotch design — the Bruce and Stuart tartans.

The villages near the coast and at the mouths of rivers are inhabited by Sulus, Illanos, and Bugis. These are not natives of Borneo. The Sulus and the Illanos are from the Sulu Archipelago, and the Bugis are from the Celebes. The Sulus are very lazy, independent, and troublesome. Yet they are very brave, and make the best sailors and traders among the islands. The Illanos were pirates in the olden days.

A very low race called the Muruts live in the interior, on a mountain range near the west coast. These people simply will not work. They eat any

MURUTS, WEST COAST

food they can put their hands on. No matter how dirty an article of food may be, and no matter how long an animal may be dead, it is all the same to the Muruts; they eat it and seem to enjoy it.

The Kadayans are found on the shores of Brunei Bay, in British North Borneo. These are a small tribe, and are of Brunei origin. Next to the Dusuns, they are the most industrious natives in Borneo.

The natives living in Brunei are called after the name of their country. They too are very lazy; but when they have a mind to work, they make good fishermen.

In addition to these natives, there are many Chinese in British North Borneo. Of all natives in the East, the Chinese are the most industrious. They form the backbone of all business affairs. The shops are kept by them; the rice fields are worked by them; the coolie work is done by them; in fact, all business is carried on by them. They clerk in the stores, in the warehouses, in the post and telegraph offices. Without them, all business would cease.

There are also a few Malays and Javanese in British North Borneo. The former are naturally lazy, and do not care to work. The Javanese make fairly good gardeners for the Europeans.

CHAPTER IV

The Sago Palm

I WONDER how many of my young readers know where sago comes from! Would you be surprised to learn that it is obtained from a huge tree, and that nearly all the sago comes from Borneo? The sago palm is characteristic of Borneo, not only by its abundance, but by its beauty. Sometimes it grows fifty feet in height. In the interior, it is found growing vigorously along the banks of rivers, and in huge forests on swampy land. It is also found in large tracts along the muddy coast.

The native name for the sago palm is *rumbiah.* There are two kinds known in Borneo. One variety has a trunk without any spines or spikes. The trunk of the other is armed with long, strong spikes. These preserve it, when young, from the ravages of wild pigs, which abound in all parts of Borneo. What you know as sago is obtained in the form of fine white flour from the heart of the palm. About six to eight years after the time of planting, the terminal spike of the flower appears. The palm is then cut down at the root, and divided into lengths of six to eight feet. These are hauled by buffaloes or floated down the rivers to the factories, where the crude sago is prepared.

The factories are usually built near running water. Sometimes they are to be found near stag-

nant water. The pith is obtained by the use of a rude saw made from a board eight inches wide, with nails driven diagonally across. This is drawn back and forth across the log, and the pith falls to the ground, looking somewhat like planers' shavings. It is picked up in baskets and placed on mats over a trough by the waterside. The water is drawn up by means of a long pole set in a fork made of two bamboo poles, a pail on one end and a heavy weight on the other. The pail is lowered to the water, and the weight at the other end draws it up. Water is constantly poured over the pith on the mats, and a rough separation of the starch from the woody matter is effected by the natives' jumping up and down on it, treading it out with their feet. The starch runs off with the water into the trough below. The woody matter is thrown away or given to the pigs for food. The water is allowed to run off from the trough, the sediment sinking to the bottom.

At this stage, the sago is known as *lamunta* (raw), and is of a grayish color. It is made up into packages of ten to thirty pounds, and taken to the Chinese factories, where it is washed until it is white. Loads of sago are hauled in small flat-bottomed boats over land and water by buffaloes, owners astride. Sometimes the natives bring their sago in their boats, which are made from the trunks of trees, hollowed out by burning.

I wish you could visit a sago factory. Perhaps if you did, you would not care to eat sago again. That was the way I felt for a long time. Outside the factory, there are huge bins of raw sago, which

CUTTING SAGO

looks like mud. The odor is much like that of a tannery. Inside the factory are immense vats, into which the raw sago is emptied. Water is poured in, and the mixture is stirred with a wooden paddle, then emptied into a large trough similar to a watering trough with one end out. A board about three inches wide is placed in the open end, with a cloth

CRUDE SAGO FACTORY

stretched across, leading to another vat. The sago from the first vat is then put into this watering trough. The little board at the end dams up the water. Some of the sago sinks to the bottom, while the remainder passes with the water through the cloth into the next vat. From here, the process is repeated, sometimes as many as twenty times. At the last trough, the water, no longer containing

HAULING SAGO

sago, is allowed to run off. The sago now resembles wet cornstarch, and is placed on mats and put in the sun to dry.

The dried sago is put into sacks and shipped to Singapore; and there it is either converted into the pearl sago sold in stores, or is shipped to all parts of the world. Sago in the form of fine white flour is used largely for sizing cloth and in the preparation of candy.

A full-grown sago palm is said to produce, with a few days' labor, 650 pounds of excellent food, or enough to furnish nourishment for a man for a whole year. The sago flour, boiled into a paste, is used as food in some villages when rice is scarce. It is also used by the Chinese as starch. If the sago palm is allowed to flower and seed, the pith dries up and is useless, and the tree dies. The seeds are unproductive; but each palm gives off numerous offshoots, which take the place of the parent tree. These in turn leave a family behind, and thus sago is inexhaustible.

CHAPTER V

Edible Birds' Nests

N arriving in a strange land, one is naturally interested in becoming acquainted with the people, and in observing their strange habits and customs. Things that appear very queer to us at first, become familiar in the course of time, and we learn to accept them as a part of the regular routine.

In Borneo, one of the first sights that attract the newcomer is the long rows of shops on the sides of the streets, with their eatables exposed for sale. In America, we are accustomed to see glass windows in front of the stores; and inside, edibles kept in packages or in glass cases, free from dust and flies. The ordinary Chinese store has no glass windows or show cases. During the day, the entire front of the shop is open, and the goods are exposed to the mercy of the flies and to the dirty hands and noses of the passers-by.

As we enter, many strange looking and evil smelling articles greet the eye and the nose. Above the counter, perhaps there is a string of dried rats or fish. If you could peep into the dirty boxes on the shelves, most likely you would find dried lizards or deer horns. In front of the shop, near the sidewalk, bags of flour and sugar stand open. Natives, passing by, stop to pick up a handful of either or

both, to examine and smell. This is thrown back into the bag, and the next man coming along does the same thing. In addition to this, swarms of flies hover around, attracted, no doubt, by the odor of ancient duck eggs, sharks' fins, *beche de mer* (dried sea slugs), turtles' eggs, edible birds' nests, and other Chinese delicacies that are jumbled together close by.

One of the strangest articles of food, and one that is prized very highly by the Chinese, is edible bird's nest. This is considered not only as an article of food, but as a tonic, and as a remedy for consumption. It is also used for restoring opium smokers, and for building up convalescents after a long illness.

There are three kinds of nests. The best are quite white. These are collected after they have been finished by the birds, but before the eggs are laid. The second quality consist of nests that have been used, but in which the eggs have not been hatched; the third contain adhering feathers. The first and second qualities are known as white *(puteh)*; the third, as black *(hitam)*. It is said that the white and the black nests are made by different birds. In the black nests, pieces of seaweed and moss are found embedded in the layers with the feathers.

There seems to be some doubt as to the exact species that build these nests, but all are agreed that they are built by small swifts, which select large caves for building in. The nests are usually found in large limestone caverns near the seashore or

farther inland. Some of these caves are very dark, while in others there is more or less light, which creeps in through the entrance or through cracks. The nests are collected twice a year. In some places, the collecting is done at night, to avoid the intense heat during the day. The work of collecting is very risky; but the natives are adepts at it, and accidents seldom occur. The men have to climb the wet and slippery sides of a cave to the roof, and with the aid of slings and ladders, move around like flies on the ceiling, in utter darkness, or in the dim light.

The nests are not white when collected. Often they are brown and discolored where they have been attached to the rocks. They have to be cleaned before being put on the market. The white nests are used in making soup, and the black nests are used in making a certain kind of glue. At first, there was doubt as to what the nests were composed of. Some thought they were made of seaweed collected by the birds. Now it has been settled that they are made from salivary matter secreted by the birds, similar to that used by swallows in binding together the clay of which their nests are made.

One of the principal bird's nest caves in Borneo is called Gomanton. It yields over $25,000 worth a year. Near the entrance to this cave, at sunset, clouds of birds hover, waiting for darkness to come on. All at once, there is heard a peculiar humming; and with a whir, the bats come out and the birds fly in. The floors are covered with a large amount of guano, the deposits of thousands of birds and bats for centuries. It is said that in some of these

bird's nest caves, rudely carved figures and moldering coffins are to be seen. Some of these coffins are resting on ledges of the rocks at a high elevation. They are supposed to have been left there a long time ago by an old tribe called Sabahans.

Most of these caves are owned by natives, and the ownership has been handed down from one generation to another. In some cases, the government has confiscated the caves when their owners have been implicated in uprisings. These are let out to other natives.

One afternoon, while I was walking along the board walk over the edge of the bay, my attention was attracted to numerous piles of small brown objects that Chinese merchants were sorting. Picking up one to investigate, I found that they were birds' nests just brought in from the caves on the other side of the bay. On looking closely, I saw that the nest was covered with vermin, dropped by the bats. I asked what the value of the nests on the board walk was estimated at, and was told they were worth over $35,000 gold. From this amount, the government had collected $7,000 commission. Only a few of these nests are used in Borneo. Most of them are sent to China, where the wealthy men pay a large sum for them.

CHAPTER VI

A Trip to the Foothills of Kinabalu

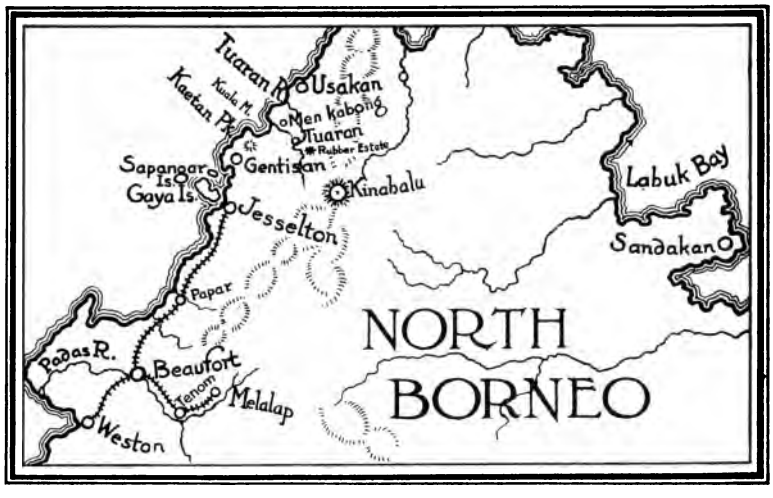
BOUT six years ago, while traveling by the steamship "Sandakan" from Singapore to Borneo, Mr. Mershon became acquainted with an Englishman who was manager of a large rubber estate at Tuaran, near Mount Kinabalu. One day, while they were talking of mission work in Borneo, this man invited Mr. Mershon to visit him at his estate. He was anxious to have some one come in among the Dusuns to teach them to read and write, and to treat them when they were ill. Until last year, it had not been possible to accept the kind invitation. In the month of August, when on a trip to the west coast, Mr. Mershon met the Englishman again, and the invitation was renewed with increased earnestness. Last December, when on the west coast, we were detained in Jesselton for a few days, waiting for a boat to take us home to Sandakan. Thinking the time would be wisely spent in visiting the estate, we telephoned to see if it would be convenient for the manager to have us come at that time. He was very much pleased to have us come, and made the necessary arrangements for us to get there.

His native boatman had orders to call us at six o'clock the next morning. Experience has taught us that "the East never hurries"; so we were not

surprised at six-thirty to hear a soft Malay voice calling, *"Tuan! Tuan! Sampan sedia!"* (Master! Master! The boat is ready!) Hastily dressing, we started for the boat. Everything was quiet. The cool morning air was very refreshing after a hot night spent in the hotel. Slipping down the sea wall into the boat, we found everything in readiness. Cushions had been placed in the stern for us to sit on, and a canopy was provided to shelter us from the fierce rays of the tropical sun. A Dusun sat in the stern, using a paddle to steer. Four Dusuns sat in front to paddle. Soon we were on our way, and we settled down to eat our breakfast of egg sandwiches, which we had persuaded the Chinese boy at the hotel to let us have the night before. The wind and the tide were against us, and we made slow progress. The natives rowed hard for a time; then one or the other would relax and let the others do the work. The man immediately in front of us kept taking off his hat to find something in his hair. After a few frantic efforts, he pulled out something between his fingers, looked at it rather tenderly, and bit it with his front teeth. This little performance was repeated many times during the trip; and judging from appearances, he must have had a large supply.

After two hours' rowing, we left Gaya Island behind us; and as we rounded a point of land opposite Sapangar Island, Jesselton was lost to view. Passing into Sapangar Bay, we saw several rubber estates and a number of native huts on the mainland. Sometimes we could see little dark-skinned

faces peering at us from under the beautiful coconut palms. Before long, we were alarmed to hear a crunching noise, as if the boat were passing over a rock. Looking down into the transparent water, we could see a huge bed of coral. The natives were quite unconcerned. They had been this way before, and this was nothing new to them. Before we



MAP SHOWING TRIP TO RUBBER ESTATE

reached our destination, we found that there were many beds of coral to row over.

At last, we reached a small fishing village called Gentisan. The boat was pushed against the rocks on the beach, and over these we climbed to the shore. Here we were met by some Bajaus, who had orders to carry our suitcase and guide us on our way. We were informed that a boat was waiting for us on the other side of a steep hill — Kaetan Peak — just in front of us. We began to climb, but it

seemed as if we should never reach the top. When finally we were at the summit, and looked down on the road ahead of us, that seemed worse than the one we had just climbed. Huge ruts were washed out, and we had to pick our way as well as we could.

Reaching the water's edge, we found that it would be almost impossible to get through the slimy mud between us and the boat. Two of the Bajaus said they would carry me across; and clasping hands, they formed a chair for me to sit on. Remembering the head-hunting experience on the other boat, I sat very gingerly on the natives' hands. At first, I tried not to touch them with my hands, but I soon found that to balance myself, I had to clasp them by the shoulders and hold tight. Several times, I got a whiff of the odor coming from their dirty bodies; but my courage was good, and I held on till we reached the boat.

Mr. Mershon's experience was a little different. He was persuaded by a Bajau half his size to have a pick-a-back ride, and it looked very funny to see such a big man on the back of such a small native.

We were soon on our journey; but the wind and the tide were still against us, and the natives pulled hard for an hour and a half before we reached the mouth of the stream.

Although it was very hot, we enjoyed our run down the stream. It was quite interesting to see the Bajau villages that were built over the tidewater on the banks of the stream. Some of them were very old and looked as if they were about to topple

NATIVE VILLAGE, BRUNEI

over. All of them were very dirty. Brightly colored sarongs hung on the railings. Little naked children with dusky bodies paddled in the mud and water with the dogs and the ducks. Sometimes the dogs would bark, the children scream, and the ducks squawk, and in the confusion, all would disappear. Men and women were busy with long poles, digging for clams along the shore.

Just before we got to the mouth of the stream, we saw the white tops of the waves on the ocean.

A NATIVE SAILING BOAT

Passing out of the stream, and crossing a small bay, we reached the mouth of the River Menkabong, called by the natives *Kuala Menkabong*. The native name for the mouth of a river is *kuala;* a river to them is *sungei*. Our small craft began to rock like a ship far out at sea. Away out on the ocean — the South China Sea — we could see a number of fishing boats. One of them turned into the *kuala* and

caught up with us as we got well up into the river. Then something interesting happened. Our boatmen decided that they were not going to let that boat get ahead of us; so they put up their sails, and then a good race began. Although the sails carried us along at a fairly swift rate, our men used their paddles, and we sped through the water rapidly. Of course, I hoped we should win; and we did. When we reached the village of Menkabong and landed, the other boat had not reached the shore.

Our landing place was a native house built over the water. Reaching the path leading from the house, we saw two Dusuns waiting for us. They had ponies for us to use; but as I was not dressed for riding, we decided to use "Shanks' pony." We were accustomed to this way of traveling; so off we started on another trip, this time three miles by land.

We had a narrow path over which to travel. On each side, fields of rice were growing luxuriantly. In some of the fields, we saw crude looking windmills, which were worked by hand. We learned that these were put in motion to scare away the birds, which destroy the crops. In other fields, we saw small huts built in the center, from which strings were fastened to a row of strings around the field. Pieces of white paper were attached to these; and whenever birds alighted on the rice, the strings were operated by a native who sat in the hut. The birds, seeing the pieces of paper suddenly move, would be scared and fly away.

PLANTING PADDY (RICE), WEST COAST

We met a number of Dusun men and women on the way, who looked in wonder to see a white woman walking along that narrow trail. They inquired of our guides as to who we were, and why we were so stupid as to walk when we could ride.

Before long, a shower overtook us, and we were obliged to take refuge in an abandoned native hut, with a young water buffalo and some stray ponies. After the rain ceased, we continued our journey, reaching the Tuaran River at 5 p. m. Stepping into a boat, we were poled across the river by a young Dusun boy. Climbing up the wet, slippery bank on the other side did not improve our appearance. After a short walk through the jungle, we arrived at our destination footsore and weary.

We were glad to have a wash and put on clean clothes. Our host was very kind, and told us some interesting facts about the Dusuns. The next day, we walked over the rubber estate. We visited the "coolie lines"—quarters of the coolies—and saw a large number of natives living in them. Separate houses are provided for married people. We noted the smiling faces of the natives, and it seemed to us that life to them on this estate was not a burdensome one. Work was over for the day. Some of the natives were playing games, while others were producing weird airs on a musical instrument called a *sumpit*. With the natives, anything they blow through is a *sumpit*. The blowpipe, a weapon used by the Dusuns, is made by hollowing out the small branch of a tree. This is called a *sumpitan*. When

a Dusun wishes to use his weapon, he blows a poisoned dart through it.

Mount Kinabalu loomed up to the right of us, about twenty miles in the distance. I wish I had time to tell you some of the stories the natives tell about this beautiful mountain. Some of the natives believe that after death, they have to climb Kinabalu. For the good, this is supposed to be easy; but for the wicked, it is a difficult feat. The good ascend at once; but the wicked are left behind, unsuccessfully trying to scramble up the rocky sides of the mountain.

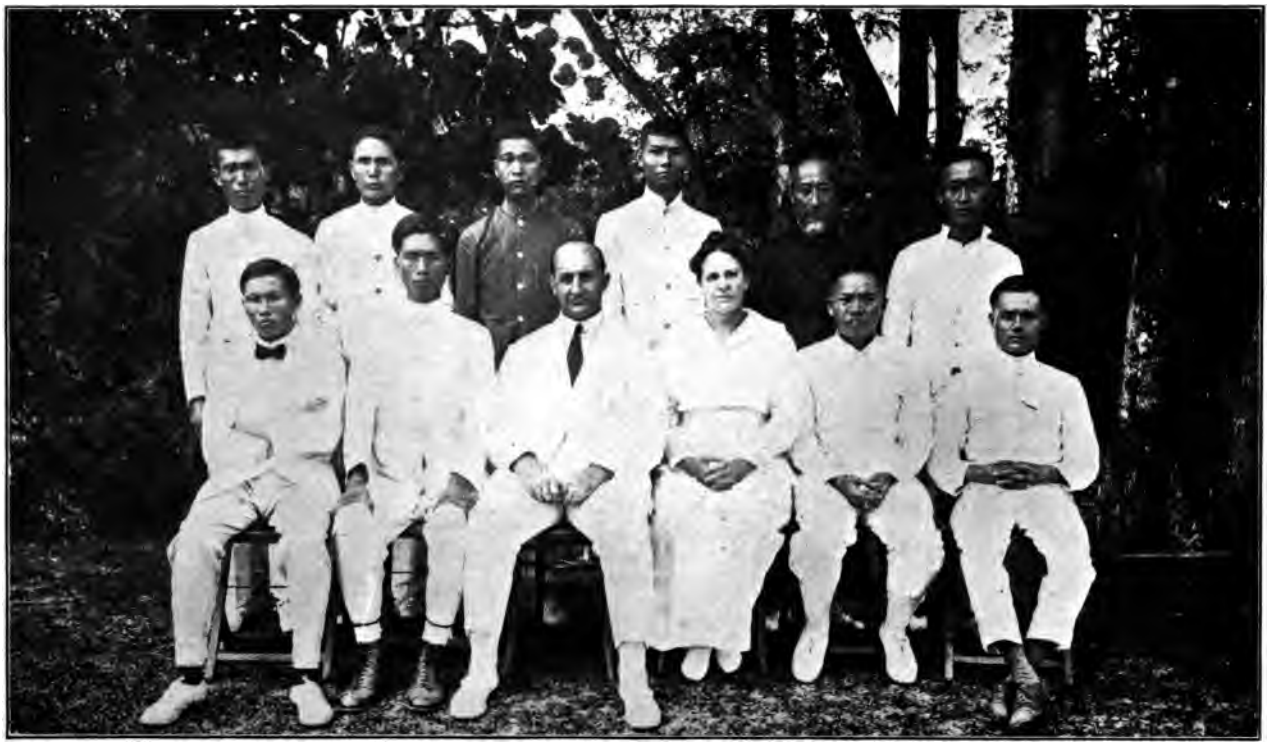
We learned that there were many Dusuns living in these parts. Sometimes our friend goes among them with medicine to treat them. We could see that he was loved very much by these Dusuns. We did not have to ask the reason. Evidently he loved them very much, and the natives were aware of it. These poor creatures do not get credit for knowing much, but they are very bright in some ways.

The next morning, we started on our return journey to Jesselton. We preferred to walk back to Menkabong; so, accompanied by a Dusun carrying our suitcase, we started off about seven o'clock. We made the distance in good time, and found, when we got to the boathouse, that there were a number of people going along with us. The cushions were given to us to sit on; and from under the canopy, we were able to have a good look at the other passengers, who were sitting in the bow. One was a Javanese woman with a child. The others were mostly Chinese *kranies* (clerks) from the estate.

Soon the child began to smile at us, and before long, we were quite friendly. We had a good wind behind us, and were not long in getting back to Kuala Menkabong and Gentisan. The Javanese woman carried the child over the steep hill, but it did not seem to tire her. We reached the boat by removing our shoes and stockings and wading through the shallow water.

From Gentisan to Jesselton, we had the wind and the waves against us again. The sails flapped idly, but the natives rowed hard. Not meeting with any success, one of them stood up in the boat and called on the spirits to help them. He chanted, "*Angin baik! Angin baik!*" (Good wind); but it did not help us out. I believe that was the longest boat ride I ever had. When we rounded the point and saw Jesselton in the distance, it seemed as if we should never reach there. We could see our boat, the "Densamud," anchored at the wharf, and we knew she was due to sail at 5 o'clock for Sandakan. At 4:30, we were still on the water. All of a sudden, the wind sprang up, our sails began to fill, and by 4:45, we reached the shore. Hurrying to the hotel, we called on some coolies to come and carry our baggage to the boat, and we got there just in time to sail by her.

Before we left Tuaran, our friend begged us to send some one to help the Dusuns, and offered to help support a missionary, and teach him the language, and introduce him to the people. We hope the day is not far distant when this call shall be answered.



GENERAL WORKERS, BRITISH NORTH BORNEO MISSION

CHAPTER VII

A Narrow Escape

THIS story I am going to tell in Missionary Mershon's own words: "In November, 1918, we made our first attempt to solicit donations to carry on gospel work in Borneo. Assisted by Pan Khi Heng, our Chinese evangelist in Sandakan, we met with good success in our home town, so I decided to visit the small towns on the west coast. It was the time of my regular visit to that part of the island. Accompanied by Tsen En Fook, our Chinese evangelist at Jesselton, I spent several days traveling and holding meetings. We reached Papar, a small town on the railway line, where we had promised to stop off and visit several families who were interested in the Bible.

"Some months before this, I had received a letter from an Indian man who lived on a rubber estate about eight miles from Papar. At the same time, he sent me seventy dollars (Borneo currency) as an offering to help our work. Having written him that I would call on him at the first opportunity, I resolved to keep my promise at this time. Arriving at Papar on Friday noon, and having made appointments to leave for Singapore on the following Sunday, it was necessary for me to make the trip and return the same afternoon. En Fook was obliged to return to Jesselton, and I had to make the journey alone. As I had not visited the estate before, I

procured the services of a guide—a Chinese—to take me there. Traveling through the jungle is not like traveling through the woods at home. The trees are so dense and the undergrowth so thick, that a man is not able to go any distance without cutting his way through. Following a narrow trail, which was crossed by many other trails, we made our way through the jungle. After walking for three hours beneath a tropical sun, and making our way through a heavy shower, we reached our destination, dripping with rain and perspiration.

"I found the Indian man and his wife at home, and both were very anxious to hear more of the gospel. As I had not had lunch, they placed food on the table, and told me to eat while I talked. They were eager to know more of the Saviour and why He came to this earth to die for man. They urged me to stay overnight, so that they might learn more. This was impossible. I had to hold a service at a little town near Papar on the following day, and my appointments were made to leave for Singapore the day after.

"Still wearing my wet clothes, I started off on the return journey with the guide. It was late in the day; and as there is no twilight in the tropics, we hurried to pass the Bajau villages before dark. It is dangerous for a man to pass through any of these villages at night. I had in my pockets $400, which I had collected on my journey up the line, and I was a little nervous about going through the jungle with the darkness coming on. When we had gone half the way, the guide told me he could not go

the rest of the distance. The truth was that he had a friend who lived close by, and he wanted to visit him. Darkness was almost upon us, and there remained two villages to pass. I knew it was useless for me to urge him to come along, and although dreading the journey alone, I told him he could leave me there.

"Starting off alone, with a prayer in my heart to God for protection, I plunged into the jungle, with more than three miles yet to go. Presently a form loomed ahead of me. In the dim light, I saw that it was a native with a huge club in his hand, going in the same direction. I did not want to pass him; so, lessening my pace, I followed slowly behind. Some time elapsed, and he did not seem to gain ground; so I decided to pass him and put a greater distance between us. I knew that one blow from that club would kill me, and after being relieved of the money in my pocket, my body would provide food for the crocodiles in the river close by, and no one would be the wiser. Fear gripped my heart, but the promises of God came into my mind.

"Starting forward and walking at a rapid pace, I soon overtook the native and passed him. You can imagine my feelings when I saw him fall into step with me about a pace and a half behind. Afraid to run and thus reveal to him my nervousness, I hurried still more. So did he. I slowed down; he slowed down. Again I hurried, and again he hurried. Seeing that I could not shake him off, I stepped aside, pretending to tie my shoe laces. He waited for me. Not a word was said all this time.

There was nothing for me to do but to go ahead. We got into step again, I in front, and the native just behind. If I had been considered a fast walker before, this time I broke all former records. On we sped, and not an inch did I gain. My feet were sore, and my muscles began to weaken. Soon I saw the lights of Papar in the distance, and when we reached the outskirts of the town, my native companion vanished.

"To this day, I have never known whether he was an angel sent to protect me, or a native bent on hurting me, but restrained by the power of God. I know that I was delivered, and God's hand was in it. Thus we see the precious promises fulfilled."

A HOME IN THE JUNGLE

CHAPTER VIII

Encounters with Thieves

ONE of the many problems the missionary has to face in the East, is petty thieving. Seldom is anything of much value taken away at one time, but a little taken away each day amounts to a great deal by the end of the year. On the mission grounds, we have a large variety of fruit growing,—mangoes, bananas, pineapples, mangosteens, and passion fruit; but we rarely have the privilege of enjoying it. Just before it ripens, it disappears. I have watched bananas until they were ready to pick, only to have them stolen before I could get them cut and brought to the house. Early in the season, I have seen mangosteens in the market which I knew came from our grounds, as our trees are the only ones in Sandakan; and I have been asked ten cents each for them.

Not only on the grounds are we robbed. In the house, it is not unusual to miss sugar, flour, salt, kerosene oil, cooking oil, matches, and soap. These are pilfered steadily by the cup, or the tablespoon, or the box. The native servants think this is the way to do; and as they do not know any better—no matter how much we try to show them it is wrong—it continues. I have offered our servant some of these articles if she would ask me for them, but it is useless. The Europeans submit to this

order of things, as there is nothing else to do. All servants are alike, and a change might make matters worse.

Early one morning, the *tuan padre*—the natives' name for Mr. Mershon—was awakened by the shaking of a mango tree just outside the window. At first, he thought it was the wind; but as the breeze did not come in through the window, he decided to investigate. Not waiting to dress, he went down the back stairs, stopping only to pick up a broom handle. Sure enough, a Chinese was under the tree, causing the disturbance. Hearing approaching footsteps, he began to run, with a basket of mangoes on his back. Mr. Mershon, taking a short cut behind the house, caught him on the hill. When asked where he got the fruit, the man replied that he got it at home. The *tuan padre* asked how that could be, as the sap was still oozing from the stems; and catching hold of the fellow, he invited him to come to the house. Thereupon the thief dropped his basket and began to argue. Then he jerked himself from his captor's grasp and ran. The *tuan padre* gave chase, but stumbling over a hillock, fell, and the thief escaped. Since then, we have often met this man on the road, and several times we have heard him say to his companions, "Here comes the man who beat me with the broom handle."

One evening, Cromo, our *kebun* (gardener), accompanied by a kindred spirit, brought a thief to the house, explaining that he had found him up a tarap tree stealing the fruit. We did not think the *kebun* had any desire to do us a good turn, as he

and his wife and friends had a great weakness for tarap. This is a tropical fruit with a very strong flavor, and for which the natives have a great fondness. We looked at the thief—a Chinese—and recognized him as one who had been troubling us a good deal. We had tried kindness, and found it to be of no avail. This time, we thought we would teach him a lesson. We sent Cromo to call the *mata-mata* (policeman); and as is usual, he could not be found. The thief began to be impatient, and wanted to run away. Thinking of an old air gun upstairs, I brought it down and placed it where he could see it, but beyond his reach. This had the desired effect; he sat down quietly and waited. We telephoned to the police station, and soon a native policeman came and took him off to prison. Next morning, in the police court, the magistrate asked him, "What were you doing at the top of the missionary's tarap tree last night?" "Cutting grass," was the reply. "Six weeks' rigorous imprisonment" was the sentence; which meant that for six weeks, he would break rocks, with rice and salt to eat, and water to drink.

On another occasion, two young fox terrier dogs —Growler and Brownie—helped us capture a thief, a Chinese who for years had been robbing our grounds. Returning from the town one day, we heard the dogs barking, and noticed they were acting in an excited manner. They came to the back door where I was standing, and they seemed to want me to go with them. Rather curious, I followed. They rushed down the terrace at the rear of the

house. I saw some sticks thrown from behind a mango tree, at the approaching dogs. Following the dogs, I saw them make a jump at a Chinese who was hiding there with a basket of fruit. He had a large knife in his hand, with which he was trying to defend himself from them. Another knife lay in the basket. Calling the dogs off, I asked him what he was doing there. He told me a long story, hoping to gain my sympathy. I called the *tuan padre*, meanwhile watching closely the knife in the thief's hand while both of us pulled at the basket. Mr. Mershon seemed ages in coming, though in reality he was only a few minutes. When he arrived, he told the Chinese to walk ahead of him to the entrance of the grounds, where the *mata-mata* usually walked his beat. To our surprise, the policeman was there. Handing the thief over to him, we returned to the house. The magistrate sentenced the man to six weeks' rigorous imprisonment, and told him if he was caught stealing again, he would be banished from the state. He was an "old offender," and the *kebun* and his wife thought the *mem* (mistress) was very *brani* (clever) to catch him. It appears he had threatened them both when they had caught him stealing at different times.

I want to tell you of another time when we were protected from thieves by Brownie, the female terrier. On this occasion, the *tuan padre* and Elder Youngberg were away on the west coast. A few days before, Growler had died; and I could not make up my mind as to whether he had been

poisoned by the natives, or a snake had bitten him. For some time, we had been having repairs made on the house. Painters were passing in and out, and electricians were putting in electric lights. In addition to all this, some coolies had come to the house to carry the *tuan padre's* trunk to the boat. The trunk was taken from the room where we kept the safe. The workmen were all Chinese, and perhaps some of them entered the house; but I have always felt that the coolies were the guilty parties.

Mrs. Youngberg and the children and I had retired early. Late in the night, Mrs. Youngberg was disturbed by the noise of some one jumping on some lumber that was under the window downstairs on her side of the house. Listening carefully, she heard Brownie growling and snarling in the hall at the bottom of the stairs. Presently she heard a man's voice exclaiming, "*A ya! A ya!*" (a Chinese expression of surprise), and then the noise of a man jumping through the window. It is probable that Brownie had bitten him on the ankle. Soon after, she heard voices like Chinese speaking Malay under the trees. Then all was quiet. While this was going on, Mrs. Youngberg came to my door several times to waken me; but something impelled her not to disturb me. I slept in the room where the safe was kept.

The next morning, when I opened the door for Brownie to come into my room, she almost devoured me. Licking my hands and wagging her stumpy tail, she looked up into my face as if expecting something. I remarked to Mrs. Youngberg how

strangely the dog was acting, and she told me of the previous night's experience. I was astonished that I had heard nothing of the noise. On going downstairs, we found where the thief had entered the house through the window on the side occupied by Mrs. Youngberg. On the porch, we found a number of cigarette stubs, which had probably been left by the thief.

Looking back on this experience, I always think that in God's providence, I had been delivered from danger that night, and that He had permitted me to sleep soundly through it all. As a rule, I am disturbed by the slightest noise. If I had been awakened, probably I would have gone down stairs to investigate. Chinese thieves always carry knives, and do not hesitate to use them. God is good, and has a care for His people.

DUSUN CHILDREN

CHAPTER IX

A Snake Story

HAVE already mentioned the death of Growler, our male fox terrier. He was a fine dog, and was admired by all who knew him. One morning, I went to town, taking Growler with me. Going into a Chinese store to purchase some groceries, I noticed that he kept near my side, pressing close to me, and looking as if something was the matter. The Chinese clerk remarked, "Something ails your dog." Leaving the store, the dog ran ahead of me, and kept looking back to see if I was coming. When I had climbed the first hill, he was at the top, waiting to see if I was coming. That was the last I saw of him alive. I stopped to talk to a friend, and arrived home about fifteen minutes later. Mrs. Youngberg met me at the entrance. Her face was serious and she said she had some bad news for me. Then she told me Growler was dead. He had returned home, and had a number of convulsions, and died.

Poor Growler! He had been a faithful friend and companion during the days when I had been obliged to stay in the big mission house alone while the *tuan padre* was away, before Elder and Mrs. Youngberg came to Borneo. I felt so bad that I went up to my room and wept. I saw him lying stiff and swollen, and suspected snake bite. Finally I told the Chinese boy to bury him.

Before this happened, Brownie had been looking very despondent, and I thought she was sick. When Growler's body was taken away, she went to the spot where he had died, scratched the soil with her hind legs, and seemed to be quite happy about it. It really looked as if she had been jealous of Growler and was glad he was gone. It was three days later that she scared the thief away; and from that time, Brownie began to fatten up, and reign supreme.

A few months later, I was awakened about six o'clock one morning by the cry of an animal in pain. Looking over the balcony at the back of the house, I saw Brownie lying in the drain with her legs stiffened, and she was whining piteously. Calling Mr. Mershon, I told him I thought Brownie was dying. We both ran downstairs, and he picked her up and brought her into the dining room. I hastened to get some mustard and water, which I forced down her throat. The *tuan padre* said, "It is too late," and went down town to the market. The dog had vomited; and I determined that if there was a chance, Brownie was going to have it. I continued to do what I could for her, and finally she relaxed and appeared to be asleep.

I watched her closely for an hour, and then she tried to rouse herself and follow me. I placed her back on the bed I had made for her and covered her up. Again she fell asleep. A little later she staggered to the kitchen where I was cooking, and looked at me very piteously. Suddenly I thought of her three small pups, which were only a few days

old. She was trying to tell me that she wanted her pups! Warming some milk, to which I added a little sugar, and procuring a nipple, which I put on the mouth of a bottle, I brought the pups and the feeding bottle to her, and let her see them suck the nipple. They were hungry and sucked heartily.

BROWNIE, PROTECTOR FROM THIEVES AND SNAKES

Looking at them for a while, she was satisfied, and fell asleep. She slept for hours, while I fed the pups when they needed it. That night, Brownie was better, but very weak. The next morning, I gave her the pups to suckle, as she appeared to be better. There had always been a strong tie of affection between us; but after this, it seemed as if she wanted to be near me always.

Ten days later, I was sitting in my room upstairs, when Brownie crawled up the back stairs and came to me staggering and falling. At once I thought of snake bite, and administered the same remedies as before. She pulled through quickly, and before long, was all right again.

Soon after this, the *tuan padre* and I had to leave for the west coast, in the interests of mission work. Our boat sailed at 11 p. m.; so bidding Elder and Mrs. Youngberg good-by, we left the house about 7 o'clock. As we sat on the deck of the "Densamud," little did we realize what was happening up at the house. It appears that after we left, Mr. Youngberg took Brownie and her pups downstairs for the night. Before long, Mr. and Mrs. Youngberg heard Brownie growling and snarling at something downstairs. As she did not quiet down, they decided to see what was the matter. Coming down the stairs, they heard a peculiar hissing noise. They switched on the light; and opening the dining room door, they found Brownie biting and snarling at something below the wall, which was built about four inches from the cement floor. Lighting a match and peering beneath, they saw four wicked eyes, and the black, shining coils of two king cobras. The snakes were very angry and hissed frightfully.

Mr. Youngberg was very much excited, and ran around the neighborhood to see if he could borrow a gun. Finally he got one; but when he reached home, he found that the shells did not fit. By this time, the natives were greatly interested in those snakes, and a number were squatting outside the bathroom

door to see what was going to happen. The wall under which the snakes had made their nest was between the dining room and the bathroom. From the bathroom, the *kebun* helped Mr. Youngberg in trying to poke the snakes out of the hole with sticks. The snakes objected; then suddenly, as quick as a flash, one of them darted at the *kebun*, and as quickly drew back to the nest. The *kebun* fell back into Mr. Youngberg's arms, saying, "*Tuan, sahya sudah maii*" (Master, I am dead). Then, getting very desperate, and with a great desire for revenge, he stood over the hole, whirling his stick, and saying that he was going to kill the snakes, as he must die anyway. Mr. Youngberg pulled him away from the hole and held him back.

It was not as bad as was at first thought. The cobra had not bitten the *kebun*, but had spit poison into his eyes. This was bad enough; but when he found that he had not been bitten after all, he felt reassured. The snakes were still in the hole, so it was decided to cement them in the next morning; and this was done. Since then, Brownie has not been troubled. We were now satisfied as to the cause of Growler's death and Brownie's illness. Affectionate little Brownie! Nobly had she fought for the protection of her pups from those deadly reptiles!

When the *kebun* thought he was bitten by one of the snakes, the natives squatting outside consoled him by saying: "It is Fate. This is punishment for your meanness to your wife." Previous to this, he had not been treating his wife nicely; but

the thought that he was going to die had some effect in correcting the difficulty.

After we learned that the snakes were under our dining room wall, I remembered that I had sat with my back against the wall, within a few inches of their nest, when I treated Brownie. We now realized that God had protected us from danger.

ON THE LAWN OF THE MISSION HOME

CHAPTER X

A Night in a Fishing Village

HILE at Beaufort, a small town on the railway line on the west coast, we decided to visit Weston, a small fishing village on Brunei Bay. Accompanied by Pan Khi Heng, we walked to the ferry, in order to cross the Padas River, one of the largest rivers of West Borneo. The ferry was self-propelled. A wire rope is stretched across the river, to which the ferry is attached by a wire rope with a pulley on the upper end. By shifting the rudder, the boat is steered back and forth across the river. Boarding the ferry, we began our journey across. The river was in flood, and huge logs floated down the stream. One of the logs struck our rude craft, but no harm was done. The natives on board were excited, and when we reached the other side, they quickly got ashore. Sometimes crocodiles are seen from the ferry; but this time, the water was too high for them to bask on the banks of the river.

Walking a short distance to the railway track, we found the train waiting to pick up passengers. There were a large number of natives and Chinese on board, eating mangoes and coconuts. The seats consisted of a few old rattan chairs, and a stuffed seat from which the coir was trying to escape. After waiting what seemed to us a long time, the

train gave a shrill whistle, and we began to move. We were the only Europeans on the train. The other passengers were Chinese, Kadayans, and Malays.

We passed large rubber estates and rice fields, and went through dense jungle. In some places, huge ferns lined the track, and rattan vines, with

PADAS RIVER, WEST COAST

their three-clawed thorns, trailed against the sides of the coaches.

The train was not an up-to-date one. Apparently, when the track was built, the builders' greatest desire was to have as many curves as possible. The wheels creaked and groaned at every turn. One of the engineers told us that every two

years, the tires have to be renewed. We did not wonder at it.

After two hours, we arrived at Weston. We inquired where our friends lived, and were directed to a fishing village in the distance. Going directly to the shore of the bay, we found that the tide was down, and we must walk on damp soil to reach the logs by which we should mount the approach to the wharf. This wharf was built on piles high above the water. It was made of the trunks of palm trees split down the center, and nailed, with small spaces between, to a support fastened to the piles in the water. Mounting the approach, we walked about one hundred feet to the end, where the house was built.

We were welcomed by the owner of the fishing shed and his wife—both Chinese. On every side we could see shrimps and fish drying in the sun. A "very ancient and fishlike smell" pervaded the atmosphere. A number of Bruneis were sitting on the wharf, and seemed just as much interested in looking at us, as we were in looking at them. On either side of us were native houses. On one side was a Brunei village, and we could see the women and the children weaving baskets and putting them in the sun to dry. Some small children were swimming in the water, with the dogs and the ducks of the village. At our shed, we noted that each boat had a boy to cook the food for the fishermen when they returned from their trips. We watched them eat their rice and dried fish, and they seemed to enjoy it. These boys who do the cooking, I noticed,

had their heads shaved, with the exception of a long tuft on the top. On asking why they shaved their heads like that, we were told that the tuft on the top was a mark of honor for unmarried men.

About five o'clock, we were invited to sit down to eat. The place was reeking with the odor of stale fish, and somehow this did not whet my appetite.

BRUNEI FISHING VILLAGE

Fresh and dried fish was placed before us, with rice and green vegetables. Our host and hostess helped themselves liberally to some pork they had cooked. The meal over, we visited the few shops in the town. About eight o'clock, we returned to the shed. The fishermen were already asleep, and I began to wonder where we were going to rest our weary heads. In a little while, our hostess took us to our room for the night. We saw a very dirty mosquito

net tied up in a corner of the room. Pulling the net aside, I found the mattress on the floor, and the looks of it were not at all inviting. There were no sheets nor pillow cases; and from the appearance, I should judge that the bed had been in use for centuries.

We spread our hand towels, which we always carry with us, over the pillows, and lay down to rest. But rest was impossible. Creepy things seemed to be running over us; occasionally we were bitten. Rats ran across the low partition above us. Presently we heard a terrific screeching and a sound of claws going up the wall. It was only the cat catching a rat; so we held our breath and waited for the next item on the program. The cat caught more than one rat that night, and I began to wonder if this was a regular occurrence, or whether the cat was trying to show us how many she could catch. In the middle of the night, we heard the fishermen go out with their boats. Some of them were chanting a weird song, probably calling on the spirits to aid them on their trip. All night long the swish of the water beating against the piles sounded in our ears. By morning, everything was quiet, and it was with a sigh of relief that we boarded the train to return to Beaufort.

A GROVE OF RUBBER TREES

CHAPTER XI

A Visit to a Rubber Estate

AT five o'clock one morning while we were at Beaufort, we were awakened by the sounding of a gong calling the coolies to work on a rubber estate about a mile away. Rain had fallen all night, and the river was in heavy flood. We talked over our plans for the day, which must be somewhat altered because of the recent rains. The sounding of the gong reminded us that we had planned to visit this estate sometime during our stay in Beaufort. We finally decided to go to Woodford — the name of the estate.

After breakfast, we started out. The roads being wet and muddy, we made our way to the railway track and walked the ties. We arrived at the estate, and entered a large gate about fifty yards from the railway track. On all sides, we saw coolies — men and women — tapping the rubber trees. Every few minutes, we could hear the rubber seeds exploding, because of the warmth of the morning sun. About one hundred yards from the entrance, we reached the office and the storerooms and the factory. On asking for the manager, we were informed that he was still in bed. We were presented to one of the assistant managers — a pleasant, red-headed Scotchman recently arrived from Scotland. We explained our errand, and he was delighted to

TAPPING RUBBER (OLD METHOD)

TAPPING RUBBER (MODERN METHOD)

show us over the place. In Borneo, Europeans are always glad to meet other Europeans, as they are so scarce.

At first, the assistant took us out to where the rubber trees were growing. He explained to us that the estate covered an area of 1,600 acres, all planted. This is divided into three *pajaks*, or sections. Each of these is in the charge of a European who has about three hundred coolies working under him. Each section is divided up into smaller *pajaks*, over which are placed *mandors*—native men who look after a certain group of coolies. Each *mandor* must see that the trees are tapped properly, that his section is kept free from weeds, and that the coolies do their work faithfully and are on time.

The trees are planted about twenty feet apart each way. One coolie taps from three hundred to five hundred trees, the number depending on the nature of the ground. On flat land, five hundred trees is an easy task; on steep ground, three hundred is the task for the best workers. Most of the trees are planted on hills, it being thought that rubber grown there is better than that grown on the lowlands. When the tree is five years old, tapping begins. The European in charge, or the *mandor*, goes around and marks the lower trunk of each tree in four perpendicular sections. Each section has tapping space to last one year; and at the end of four years, that portion of the trunk has been encircled. In tapping, a diagonal cut is made. A very thin shaving is taken off every morning.

The rubber, or *latex*, is a white, sticky fluid held in little cells in the bark. After each cut is made, the *latex* oozes out and runs down the incline into a tin spout that is attached to the tree below the incision. From the spout, it drips into a cup that is placed at the lower end. Each tree yields about one third of a cup a day, or what in one year amounts to two to twelve pounds of dried rubber. The tapping be-

COAGULATING TANKS

gins at daylight. About ten o'clock, the *latex* is collected. The cups are washed and replaced, and the *latex* is taken to the factory. Here it is measured and the specific gravity taken, to find out if the coolies have added water to it. (In some cases, the coolies are too lazy to collect all the *latex* from their *pajak*, and they mix water with what they do collect, in order to bring in the regular measure.) It is then strained, and poured into large wooden

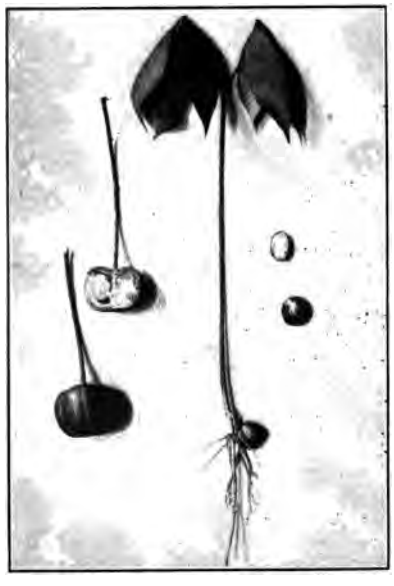
vats or earthenware jars. Acetic acid or some other coagulant is stirred in, with the aid of broad wooden paddles, and the rubber is poured into molds and allowed to stand overnight.

Next morning, the workmen run this coagulated rubber between rollers under pressure, in order to squeeze out all the water. After this, it is again run between rollers, to roll it out thin. A small stream of water is kept constantly running on the rollers, to prevent the rubber from picking up dirt or fluff. This process is repeated several times. Then the rubber is put between other rollers, which press a diamond-shaped pattern and the name of the estate into it. Now it is in strips about twelve inches wide and eight feet in length. It is placed out in the air to dry; and care must be taken not to allow the sun to shine on it, as this causes "tackiness"—one of the consumers' worst enemies. It is then placed in the smokehouse and smoked to a dark brown color. After it is taken out, it is examined, and the damp spots are cut out. It is then cut into lengths of twenty-four inches, and packed in wooden cases, under pressure, and shipped to all parts of the world.

The rubber that falls on the ground coagulates of itself. This is gathered separately and put into a "barking" machine. Here it is pulverized and mixed, and washed until all particles of bark and impurities are removed. It comes from this machine in long, stringy masses. It is then run back and forth between rollers until it is a smooth sheet. From here it is put into a craping machine, which

makes it look like crape, only much thicker. It is afterward treated the same as the other, but it brings less money on the market.

The rubber trees are grown from seeds. The seeds are collected from the best rubber-bearing trees, and stored. When a new plantation is to be



RUBBER SEEDS AND SEEDLING

FLOWER OF THE RUBBER TREE

started, the seeds are placed separately in palm-leaf sacks — twelve by four inches — with rich soil; and these sacks are put into the ground, side by side, in a sheltered place, and the seeds allowed to sprout and grow until ready for transplanting. The seedling is at that time about four feet high. With the sack of rich soil still about its roots, it is planted in a permanent place. The top of the seedling is cut off, to force the limbs to sprout low.

After all this, we were taken to see the "coolie lines." Chinese and Javanese and natives will not live close together; so seperate houses are provided for them, on different parts of the estate. The estate runs its own *kadai* (store), where the coolies are expected to buy their supplies. They are allowed to leave the estate but twice a month. The law compels each estate to give the coolies two holidays a month. There is a hospital on each estate, supervised by a European doctor. This is required by law. A jail also is found on every estate, where petty offenders are locked up overnight.

AT THE PIER, JESSELTON

CHAPTER XII

Traveling in Borneo

TRAVELING is not so easy and comfortable in Borneo as in the homeland, or even in other places in the East. Java has good railway service, good street cars, automobiles, and pony carriages. In Singapore, there are fairly good street cars, jitneys, rickshas, and automobiles. In Borneo, there are a few automobiles and rickshas, but these are luxuries. On the west coast of British North Borneo, there is a railway line, one hundred miles in length, running from Jesselton to Melalap. Leaving Jesselton at eight o'clock in the morning, the train reaches the terminus at five o'clock in the afternoon. From Beaufort, there is a branch running to Weston, on Brunei Bay. This is about twenty miles long. The train carries three classes of coaches. The first-class accommodate Europeans; the second-class are patronized by Javanese, Chinese, and well-to-do natives; and the third-class carry the coolie class of Chinese and natives.

The engine is operated by Malay engineers. Wood is used instead of coal or oil. Sometimes the train has to stop and wait for the fire before it can continue its journey. One day, while traveling on the train, we came to a full stop between stations. On inquiring the cause of the delay, I was informed that the wood on the engine was green, and the fire

would not burn under the boiler. However, after a short time, we continued our journey. Sometimes buffaloes or cattle get on the track, so the engineer blows his whistle, and keeps up a continual screech until the animals leave the track.

When we want to visit up the line, we go by train to the nearest station, and walk the rest of the way, sometimes eight miles out and eight miles back.

One time, we wanted to visit a Chinese church member, who, with his family, lives at Bintian, an abandoned Dusun village. This Chinese brother has a family of seventeen children, all living. Some are married and away from the paternal roof. At that time, there were about ten at home. It was during the rainy season; and as there had been a landslide over the railway track, the train was not running from Beaufort—six miles from Bintian. As one of our brother's sons, Howard Wong, was employed by the railway company, we decided to inquire of him as to whether we could get a trolley to take us to his father's home. We were more than pleased to learn that he was working on the line beyond Bintian, and would be going up on the trolley at six o'clock the next morning. He advised us not to eat breakfast before leaving, as his parents would attend to that when we got there.

At half past five the next morning, we were awakened by the Chinese boy at the resthouse where we were staying; and by six o'clock, we were at the railway station, ready for our trolley ride. Howard was there with four Muruts, who proved to be the

motors to run the trolley. One sitting on each corner, they propelled it with their feet. When we came to down grade, they would raise their feet and let the trolley tear down of its own accord. Traveling in this manner on level country is fairly pleasant; but when tearing downhill, especially crossing bridges near the edge of a river infested with crocodiles, somehow the thrill is taken out of it.

In spite of all this, we had a good trip. The mists were rising from the hills, reminding us of the song we sing, "When the mists have rolled in splendor from the beauty of the hills." Rain had fallen the night before, and the trees in the jungle glistened in the early morning sun. Once we had to wait for our motormen to get off the trolley and cut away some rattan vines that had fallen on the track. Centipedes and large black scorpions crawled across the track.

The cool morning air gave us a good appetite, and we began to wish for something to eat. We found Henry Wong and his children at home; but his wife had walked to Beaufort that morning, carrying vegetables to sell in the market. After visiting for a while, we began to wish we had had our breakfast before we left Beaufort. I could see that no preparations were being made for us to eat. Before long, Mr. Wong brought us some boiled peanuts. After we had eaten some of these, one of the sons brought some sugar cane for us to nibble. We ate as much as we could of this, but our appetites were not satisfied. Meanwhile the girls visited with me,

while the *muk-su* (Chinese name for Mr. Mershon, meaning "minister") talked with Mr. Wong.

In the afternoon, the girls began to prepare a meal; and at four o'clock, everything was ready on the tables. The girls sat at a table by themselves, and I was assigned a seat of honor with the men and boys at another table. The meal tasted very good. Dried mushrooms, cucumbers, green vegetables, and beans were spread before us; and I can assure you that after waiting so long for something substantial to eat, we did justice to all of it.

After dinner, we went upstairs to a room in which a small organ was standing. Vui Yin, the eldest girl at home, played and sang with the other children. I wish you could have listened to them away off there in the jungle! Outside there was a stillness that could be felt. This was broken only by a little stream running down the hill at the side of the house. Occasionally a monkey chattered to remind us that he was near.

As I listened to the Chinese voices singing the hymns we love so well, I thought how the children in the homeland would enjoy being there. I knew that if you could only hear those dear children singing so heartily the songs you sing, you would want to be missionaries too, and bring the light of the gospel to such places as this. When they sang the chorus of "Jesus loves me"—

"Ya s kiu Ju oi ngo
Ya s kiu Ju oi ngo
Ya s kiu Ju oi ngo
Yu Shin Shu kau s ngo"—

a big lump rose up in my throat as I thought of the wonderful power of the gospel to penetrate the jungles of heathen Borneo.

The trolley was to return at five o'clock; and after prayer, we left our friends, with thankfulness

MRS. MERSHON AND NATIVE GIRL WORKERS

in our hearts that we had the privilege of working for the Master among the people we love so well.

Another time, we planned to visit the Papar rubber estate, about eight miles from Papar. We tried to hire a boat to take us there, but it was impossible to procure one. Then we tried to get ponies to ride, but we could not find any. Finally we talked to one of the railway officials about hiring a trolley with four men to take us to the end of the track, four

miles out. This he gladly let us do, so off we started. With us were Mr. M. Mullinnex and his wife, from Singapore, who were on a visit to Borneo. Chairs were provided for the ladies, Mr. Mullinnex and Mr. Mershon sitting on the trolley. The track was old and uneven, and in some places wider than it was intended to be. When we came to the wide places, the trolley would skip the track, and of course we went with it. However, nothing serious happened.

From the terminus, we walked to the estate. Rain began to fall, and we found shelter in the

A NATIVE BOAT

jungle until it ceased. The path was wet and slippery, and steam seemed to rise from the ground. It was soffocating! On the return trip, the air was cooler. When we reached the terminus, we found that the trolley was not there, so we decided to wait for a while. In the meantime, we persuaded some natives to climb a coconut palm to bring us down some coconuts. We were very thirsty, and wanted to drink the milk of the coconuts.

When we had finished, we heard the trolley coming. It had returned to Papar to bring an estate manager to the terminus. In his hand he held a loaded revolver in such a way that everybody could see that he had it. We learned that he had been to get money from the bank to pay the coolies on the estate. The natives knew of his errand, and this was the only way he could protect himself from attack. Our return trip was made without any serious happening.

On another occasion, we were invited to visit some Chinese people living up the Papar River. We arrived at Papar; and the next morning, we found that the boat was ready to take us to the home of our Chinese friends. When we got to the water's edge, we saw two long boats, made from the trunks of trees, the insides having been hollowed out by fire. Mr. Mershon and I sat in one boat with two Chinese, while Ng Shu Kong, our Chinese evangelist at Papar, sat in the other with another Chinese. We had to sit flat in the boat, with our legs stretched out in front of us. After sitting for a time this way, we began to wish we could change our position. At the slightest movement on our part, the boatman would call out to us to keep still or the boat would upset. The river was full of crocodiles; so we held tight, because we did not want to go overboard to give them a feed.

We passed numerous sago factories, with the natives jumping up and down on the sago mats. Native boats laden with sago passed us frequently. We saw several boats manned by Dusun women.

Native villages surrounded by coconut palms came into view on both sides of the river. At one village, we heard the natives playing on their *gamelan* (native musical instrument), and it sounded very sweet as we were rowed up the river.

It took us four hours to get to our destination. After visiting for a while and partaking of some oranges and papayas, we left for the home of an-

CROCODILE, EAST COAST

other Chinese, a little farther up the river. This time, Ng Shu Kong rowed us; but he did not seem to be so skilled in handling the boat. Once he ran us on a sand bank. While we were on the river, a tropical storm came up. We could hear it approaching in the distance. The rain beating on the palms in the jungle sounded like rain pouring down on a corrugated iron roof. Somewhat damp, we arrived at our friend's garden; and after a good

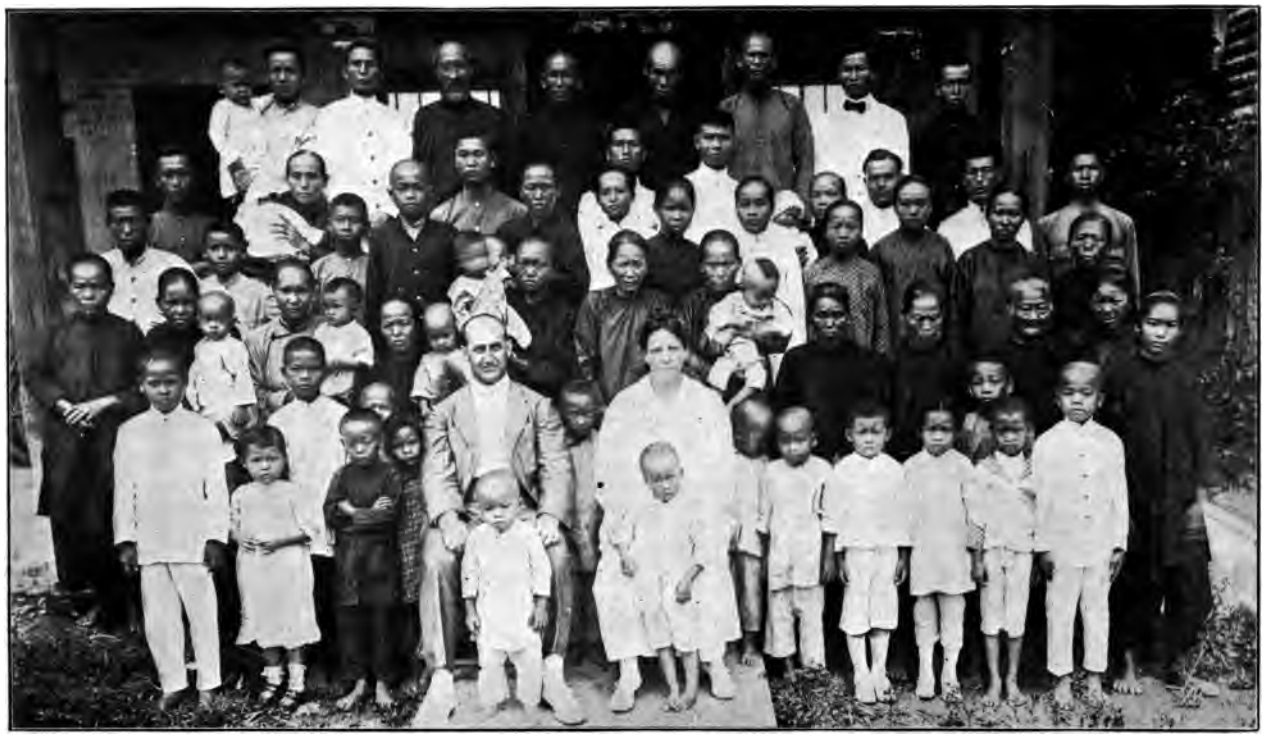
A SAGO PALM

meal, to which I sat down with the men, we started back for Papar. Two boys rowed; and as we had the wind and the tide in our favor, we reached Papar in two hours.

At the close of last year, Mr. Mershon paid a visit to the east coast of Borneo, and took a trip over to Tarakan, an oil town in Dutch Borneo. To get there he had to take a coastal steamer from Sandakan to Tawau, and there get a Chinese junk to take him on to Tarakan, a distance of sixty miles, a two days' trip. This was accomplished safely; but on the return trip, it looked as if he would never reach land again. The Chinese in charge of the junk were either stupid or lazy. Leaving Tarakan at dusk, they dropped anchor before midnight, intending to sail on at daybreak the next day. When daylight came, it brought a severe storm with it. It was the season of the northeast monsoon, when the big typhoons sweep down over the Chinese Sea. For two days, they could make no headway. The *tuan padre* had enough food and water to last him two days; but when that was finished, he was obliged to eat dry rice and salt fish or else go without food, and he had no water to drink. The passengers, natives and Chinese, were huddled together on the cargo of rice and coconuts. On the third night, the boat was caught in a whirlpool, and after being whirled three times around, was thrown out of it. Soon after this, she struck a reef, on which she settled until the tide rose again. On the evening of the fourth day, the boat reached

Tawau, and Mr. Mershon was very glad to go on shore and get something to eat and drink.

There are a few ponies in Borneo, but they are so poor and skinny that it seems like cruelty to dumb animals to ride behind them. In Sandakan, there are a few carriages, but these are so old and shabby that only natives will ride in them. Water buffaloes are the beasts of burden. There are a few Indian oxen used. The buffaloes are huge beasts, and though slow in their movements, they are very strong. When they get angry, they tear along like the wind, smashing everything in the way. Fortunately this does not happen often. These big creatures are very docile, and can be led by little children. The natives are fond of buffalo milk, which is very thick and of a bluish hue. When the buffaloes are feeding in the fields, they are attended by pure white herons, which stay by their sides. It is queer to see these clean white birds in the company of dirty buffaloes that love to wallow in the mud. Swarms of insects hover around them; and the buffaloes seek the mudholes, to get a coat of mud to protect them. The herons help to keep the insects off.



CHURCH MEMBERS, SANDAKAN, SEPTEMBER, 1919

CHAPTER XIII

Varied Experiences

ONE morning, my Chinese house girl, Lo Kwui Len, came to me and told me her mother was ill, and that she was very hot. After asking a few questions, I decided to go and see what I could do for her. Taking Kwui Len with me, I started off for her home, about three quarters of a mile away. We walked on the road for half a mile, then crossed a small wooden bridge over a narrow stream. Passing a few Chinese gardens, from which several large dogs threatened to devour me—they were acquainted with Kwui Len—we crossed another creek in the jungle, and finally reached the house.

It was an ordinary Chinese house, dirt floor, with piles of old furniture and tin cans and baskets strewn around. Going into the bedroom, I found the patient lying on a wooden bed with a wooden mattress. She had a bad breast, hard and swollen. Smeared all over it was a green mixture that looked like chewed leaves. Washing it off, I had Kwui Len heat some water; and armed with my fomentation cloths, I proceeded to treat my patient.

All the family, from the old grandfather to the youngest grandchild, stood around to see what the *muk-su-nyong* (Chinese for "minister's wife") was going to do. As I began to wring out those hot

cloths, the folks opened their mouths with astonishment. When I applied them, they began to chatter and make remarks. However, they saw that the patient took it quietly and appeared to be satisfied. When I applied cold after each fomentation, they asked among themselves, "What kind of affair is this?"

After the treatment, I showed Kwui Len how to massage the swollen breast gently, and gave instructions for the same treatment to be repeated in the evening. The next morning, when I called to see the patient, she said she felt better. After a week's treatment, she was well again, and the old grandfather told me that he had never seen such wonders brought about by the use of hot and cold water.

While sitting talking with the grandmother, I observed on each of her toes a small red spot. When I inquired what they were, she said she suffered with cold feet, and had put a piece of hot iron on each toe to burn them in order to make her feet warm.

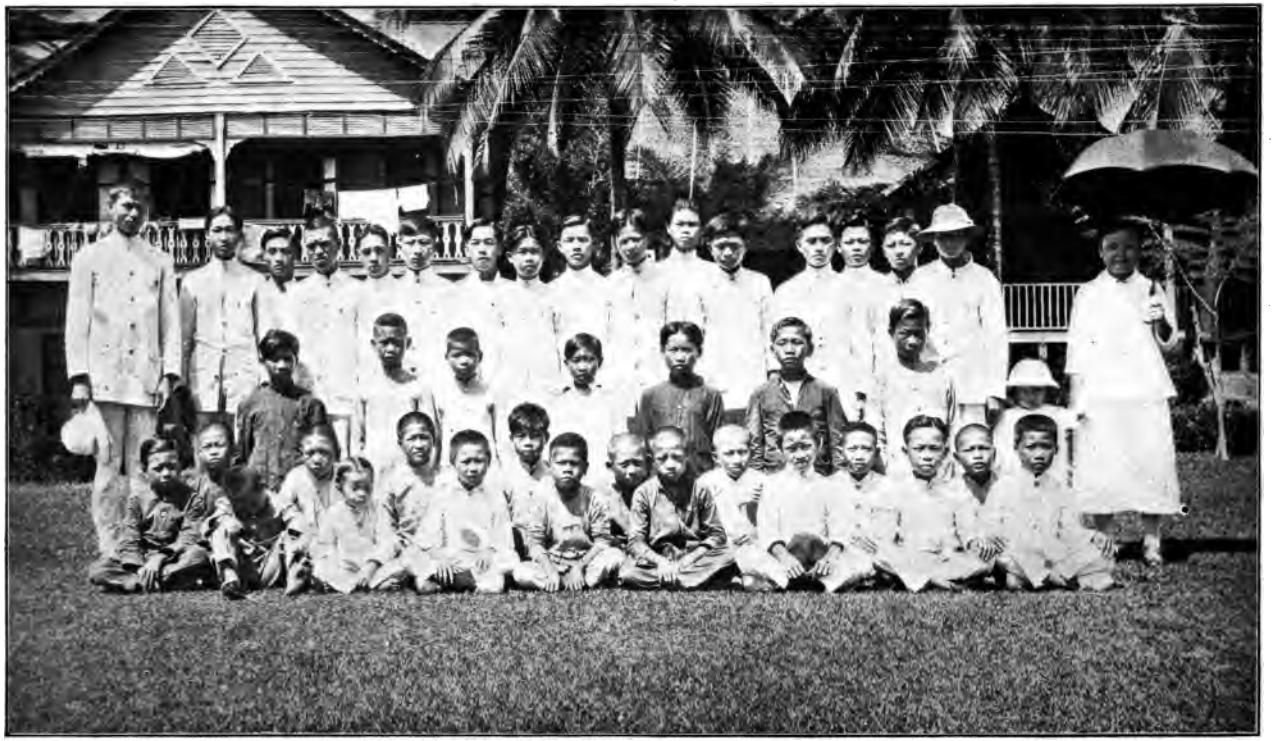
Another time, while sitting in our little church at a meeting one Sabbath morning, I noticed that one of the Chinese boys had a sore wrist. From the appearance of it, I judged that something had bitten him, and he had neglected to take care of the wounds. After church, I invited him to come to the mission house and I would attend to it. He came that afternoon; and on closely examining the wounds, I found they were infected and that he had a slight fever. Getting a bowl of hot water, to

WONG SISTERS

which I added some lysol, I had him soak his wrist in that for half an hour. Then I bandaged it up, and invited him to come to see me the next day.

Naturally I thought he would then leave, but he kept on sitting. I was new to Chinese ways, and did not understand his behavior. After an hour had passed away, I went upstairs to the *muk-su* and explained the situation to him. He laughed and suggested that I ask the boy to go. Returning to my patient, though feeling somewhat embarrassed, I told him it was time to go. He smiled, and thanked me for treating his wrist, and departed. For a week, he came every day; and each day, after treating him, I had to tell him it was time to go. Since this experience, I have become quite used to telling the long stayers it was time to go.

One day, Mrs. Youngberg told me that her *baboe* (servant) was ill, and she could not quite make up her mind what the illness was. Sometimes when the servants want a holiday, they say they are sick, for an excuse. Armed with various utensils, I paid a visit to the *baboe*, a Javanese woman named Sarepa. I found her with a high fever, lying on a mat on the floor. Several native women were squatting around talking and chewing *sirih* and smoking cigarettes. I politely asked all but one to *pigi* (go). With the aid of this one, I gave Sarepa a good treatment, covered her up, and told her to go to sleep, and not to get up until I came to see her again. I told the woman who helped me, not to talk to her, or the *mem b'sar* (the big mistress) — this is what the na-

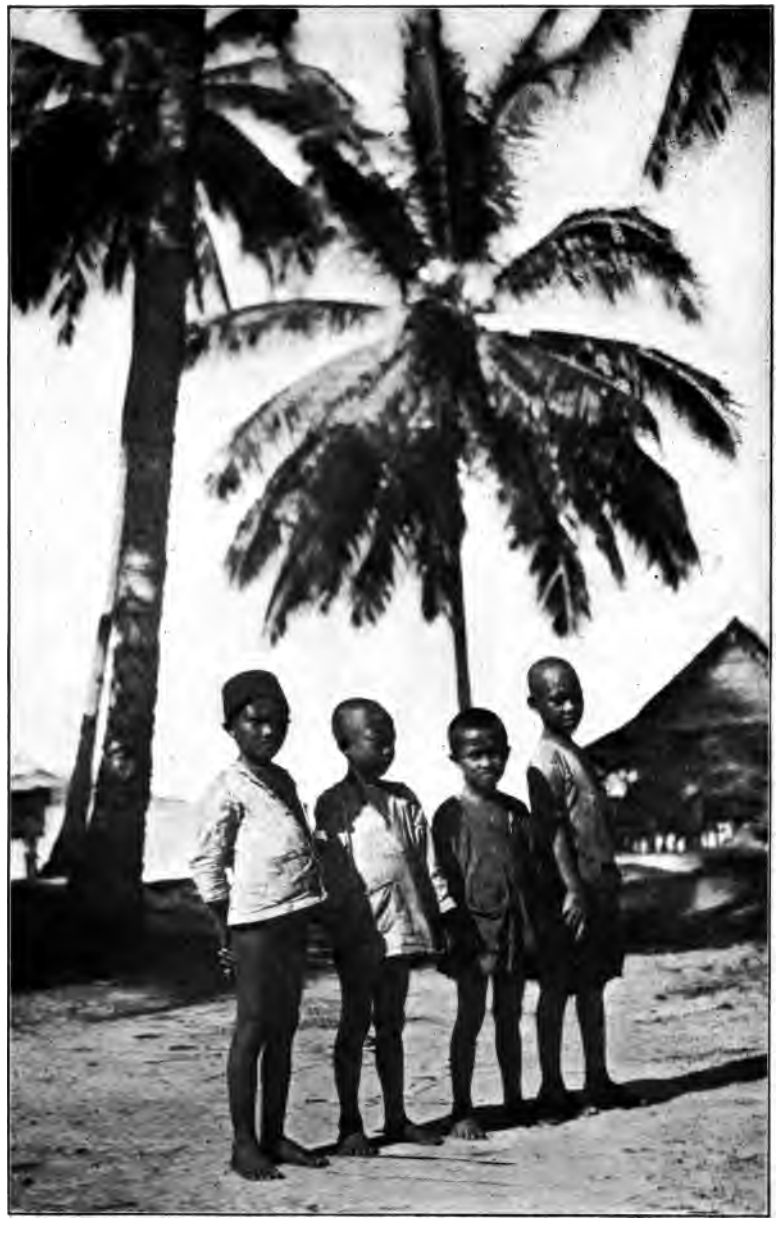


BOYS' SCHOOL, SANDAKAN

tives call me—would be very angry. I had to tell her this to enforce quietness. The natives greatly dislike to have anyone angry with them. An hour later, I returned to Sarepa, to find her fast asleep, with huge drops of perspiration on her face. This was what I wanted, so I carefully wiped her face, and returned home. At six o'clock that evening, I paid her another visit, and found her in the act of getting up. When I asked her what she was doing, she said she was all right now and was going to get up. I told her my treatment required that she stay in bed until the next morning, so she quietly took to her mat again. Next morning, she was back at work, feeling well but a little weak.

While treating Sarepa, I had noticed a large tooth in a bowl of water standing on the table. I asked what that was, and they told me it was an elephant's tooth to make Sarepa well. I told them the tooth had been on the table for some time and had not made her well, and that it was my treatment that had broken up the fever. When I asked them if that was not so, they hardly knew what to say. Deep down in their hearts, the poor creatures believed that the elephant's tooth had cured Sarepa. However, after this, when Sarepa or her husband had a cut or a sore, they were very quick in coming to the *mem b'sar* for medicine to cure them.

For some years, we had a Javanese woman, Semina, as servant in the mission house. She was a good worker as far as native servants go. One day, I happened to look over the balcony when



NATIVE BOYS, EAST COAST

Semina was washing the dishes, and to my horror, I saw her wiping the perspiration from her face and neck with the cloth used for wiping the dishes. I told her she must not do that again. After this, I watched her pretty closely, and again I was rewarded with seeing her spitting on the knives and wiping them with the cloth. I felt that this was about as much as I could stand. I told her that in the future, I did not want her to wipe the dishes; all I wanted her to do was to wash them and then scald them and put them in the rack to dry in the sun. Then I waited upstairs to see what would happen. The dishes were washed, but I could see no signs of their being scalded. Calling to Semina, I asked about the hot water. "*Nanti, nanti*" (wait), she replied. I waited. Then I asked again. The reply came again, "*Nanti, nanti.*" Going downstairs, I found she had not even put water on to heat, so I told her to *pigi.*

A friend in America sent me an old picture roll such as we use in the Sabbath school. It was a back number, so I handed it to Mrs. Youngberg, thinking her little daughter would be interested in it. Mrs. Youngberg put it up on the wall. Next morning, Sarepa came into the room to sweep. Looking at the picture of Christ with His disciples, she said: "Those men must be the giants that eat people. If I had that in my house at night, I should not be able to sleep." Poor Sarepa!

These people are full of superstition, and very much afraid of the spirits. Their idea of serving

their gods is to offer them things in order to make them feel kindly disposed toward them. They know nothing of our kind heavenly Father who sent His Son to die for us, that we might be saved. May God grant that in some way these people may be reached.

BAPTISM IN GAYA BAY, JESSELTON

PAN LOI YIN